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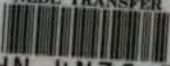
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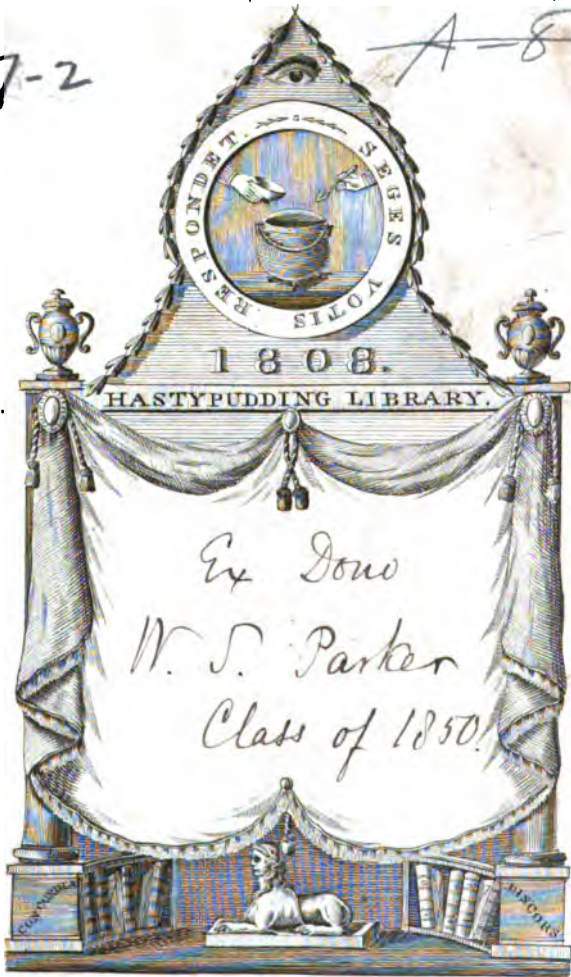
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THE  
**SPIRIT**  
OF THE  
**PLAYS OF SHAKSPEARE,**  
EXHIBITED IN A  
SERIES OF OUTLINE PLATES  
ILLUSTRATIVE OF  
THE STORY OF EACH PLAY.

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED  
BY FRANK HOWARD.

WITH  
QUOTATIONS AND DESCRIPTIONS.

VOL. I.

*- In four volumes -*

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, STRAND (BOOKSELLER TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY); J. G. AND F. RIVINGTON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, AND WATERLOO-PLACE, PALL-MALL; BALDWIN AND CRADOCK, PATERNOSTER-RROW; AND J. BOOKER, NEW BOND-STREET.

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1833

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LONDON:

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- 

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1. The Duke appointing Angelo as his deputy in his absence.
2. Claudio and Juliet brought before Angelo.
3. Isabella and Lucio pleading with Angelo for the life of Claudio.
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5. Claudio imploring Isabella to save his life.—The Duke, disguised as a friar, about to enter the cell, listening.
6. The Duke proposing to Mariana to take the place of Isabella, and to meet Angelo.
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8. The Duke persuading the Provost to send the head of Barnardine to Angelo, instead of the head of Claudio.—The dead body of Ragozine is seen through the open door of his cell.—Abhorson is instructing the Clown in the "mysteries" of execution.
9. The Duke announcing the Death of Claudio to Isabella, who comes expecting to find him pardoned.—The Provost is carrying the head of Ragozine to Angelo.
10. Isabella making her accusation against Angelo, on the public return of the Duke to Vienna.—Friar Peter and Mariana, veiled, behind Isabella, to follow up the accusation.
11. The Duke, having left Angelo and Escalus to examine into the case, is brought up in disguise, as the principal instigator of the plot.—Claudio is seen muffled up behind the Provost.
12. The Duke, having passed sentence upon Angelo, pardoned Claudio, and offered his hand to Isabella, orders Lucio to marry Mrs. Kate Keepdown.

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3. Meeting of Don Pedro and Claudio.
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8. Claudio refuses to marry Hero, at the altar.
9. Beatrice and Benedick.

10. Benedick, at the instance of Beatrice, challenges Claudio for his treatment of Hero.
11. Borachio's confession to Don Pedro.
12. Claudio about to be married to a supposed niece of Leonato, in reparation of his calumny on Hero.

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2. The quarrel between Oberon and Titania.
3. Egeus before Theseus.
4. Helena telling Demetrius of Hermia's flight with Lysander.
5. Quince arranging the play.
6. Demetrius repulsing Helena.
7. Titania asleep.
8. Helena, Lysander, and Hermia.
9. Rehearsing the play.
10. Bottom singing.
11. Demetrius and Hermia.—Oberon and Puck.
12. Lysander, Helena, Hermia.—Demetrius waking.—Oberon and Puck.
13. Puck misleading Lysander in a fog.
14. Titania and Bottom.
15. Oberon releasing Titania from the spell.
16. Theseus, Egeus, Hippolita, &c. going out to hunt.—Oberon and Titania.
17. The play.—The lion roars, and Thisby runs off.
18. Oberon and Titania blessing Theseus's wedding.

## P R E F A C E.

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IN attempting to illustrate our great dramatist more fully than has hitherto been done, it may be deemed proper that the artist should explain his reasons for departing from the beaten track.

The variety and excellence of the illustrations of Shakspeare already produced, seem to preclude the possibility of now offering any which shall possess either novelty or attraction ; but it is presumed that there is still a path untrodden, and that something yet remains to be done towards the more complete and perfect illustration of our great poet.

The dramatist, who is limited in the time for representation on the stage, exhibits in his scenes those occurrences only which he considers most important, and best adapted for theatrical effect ; but the painter, by making the story of the play complete in a series of designs, arranged as the events are supposed to have taken place, and by filling up what

the nature of the drama compels the poet to leave undefined, shows the author's ideas in a new light. He does not take what is common to both, for that is no more than repeating the poet ; but he throws all the advantages of his own art into the scale, displays an additional originality, and enhances the interest of the work.

I am, therefore, induced to think, that a series of designs, illustrative of the stories of Shakspeare's plays, may prove acceptable to the admirers of our immortal poet, as a humble accompaniment to his works. My object will be to give the spirit of the play, rather than a servile imitation of individual passages, and, if possible, to render the plates complete in themselves, that they may interest equally as an illustration of the poet's ideas, and as an intelligible series of amusing designs.

F. H.

**T E M P E S T.**

**TWENTY PLATES.**

**DRAWN AND ENGRAVED**

**BY FRANK HOWARD.**

**B 2**









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Explosion, published March 1, 1867, for J. Const. Stand

J. Ross 1

## REFERENCES DESCRIPTIVE OF THE PLATES.

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### *TEMPEST.*

PROSPERO, MIRANDA, and CALIBAN all grow older until the play commences ; after which the very short duration of time renders an alteration unnecessary, and even incorrect. The island is considered as much improved, under the cultivated taste of PROSPERO, from its original state, when only under the dominion of SYCORAX.

#### I.

SYCORAX *putting ARIEL into the Pine.*

“ Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,  
By help of her more potent ministers,  
And in her most unmitigable rage  
Into a cloven pine.”

ACT I. SCENE 2.

## II.

PROSPERO *seized by his brother while at his studies.*

“ A treacherous army levied, one midnight  
 Fated to the purpose . . . . .  
 . . . . . and, i' the dead of darkness,  
 The ministers for the purpose hurried thence  
 Me, and thy crying self.”

ACT I. S. 2.

## III.

PROSPERO *and MIRANDA in*

“ A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,  
 Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats  
 Instinctively had quit it.

MIR. Alack! what trouble  
 Was I then to you!

PROS. O! a cherubim  
 Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,  
 Infused with a fortitude from heaven,  
 . . . . . which raised in me  
 An undergoing stomach, to bear up  
 Against what should ensue.”

ACT I. S. 2.

GONZALO had furnished him with stuffs, and necessaries, and books, which he prized above his dukedom.

le at his  
night  
rkness  
ience  
cr I. S.



le,



... ..

















## IV.

PROSPERO *releasing* ARIEL.

“ ———— It was mine art  
Made gape the pine, and let thee out.”

ACT I. S. 2.

CALIBAN is sitting in the background, evidently displeased at ARIEL'S release from his mother's punishment.

## V.

CALIBAN *showing* PROSPERO

“ The qualities o' the isle,  
The fresh springs, brine-pits,” &c.

ACT I. S. 2.

“ And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts.”

ACT II. S. 2.

CALIBAN is represented digging pignuts, as most characteristic of his nature, and that being one of his offers to STEPHANO on a future occasion.

## VI.

PROSPERO *instructing* CALIBAN, *who is paying more attention to* MIRANDA *than his book.*

“Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour  
One thing or other.”

ACT I. S. 2.

## VII.

“—— Till thou didst seek to violate  
The honour of my child.”

ACT I. S. 2.

ARIEL is here supposed to have given information to PROSPERO, in revenge of SYCORAX's cruelty.





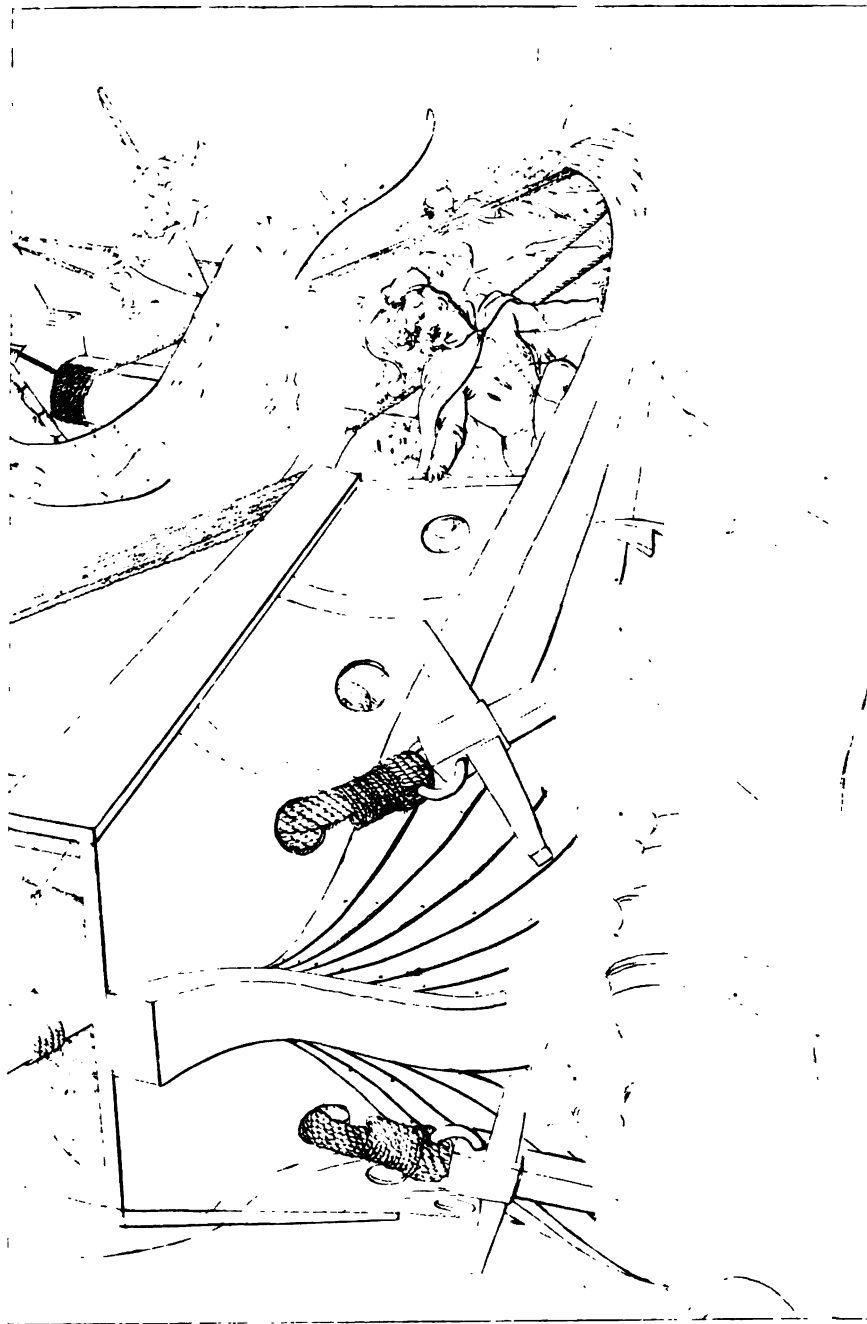




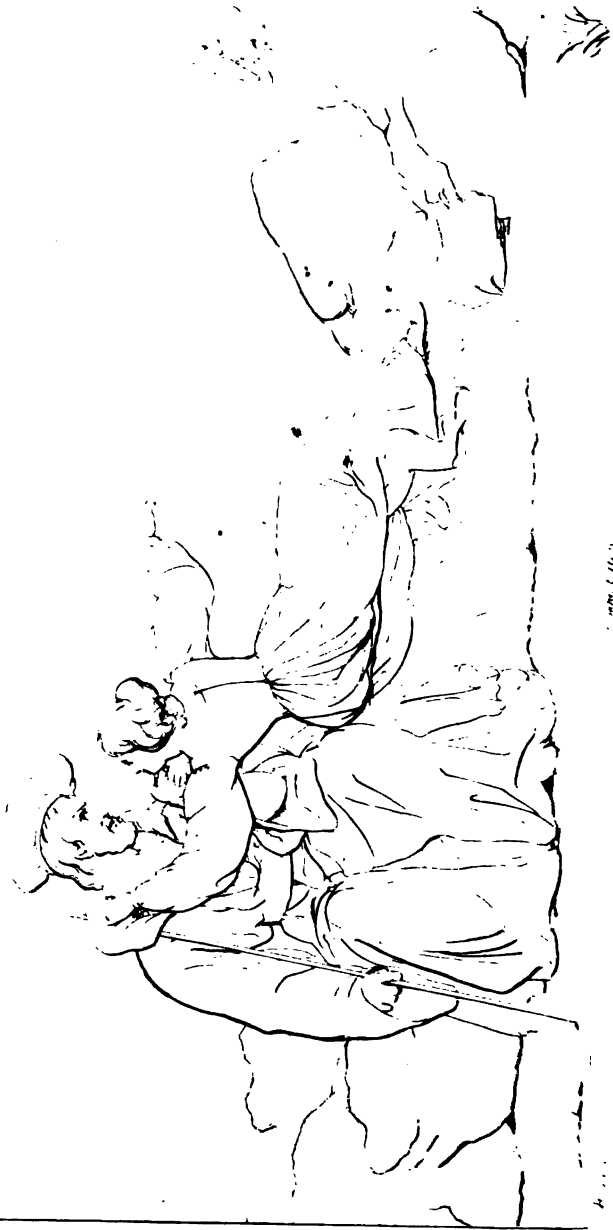
London: Published by Messrs. T. Agnew & Sons, 1, Abchurch Lane.











London Printed March 2 1847

## VIII.

*The Tempest.*

“ ARIEL. I boarded the king’s ship; now on the beak,  
 Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,  
 I flamed amazement . . . .  
 . . . . on the topmast,  
 The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly.  
 . . . . The king’s son, Ferdinand,  
 Was the first man that leap’d; cried, Hell is empty,  
 And all the devils are here !”

ACT I. S. 2.

## IX.

“ MIR. If by your art, my dearest father, you have  
 Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.  
 . . . . Oh ! the cry did knock  
 Against my heart.  
 PROS. Be collected;  
 No more amazement : tell your piteous heart  
 There’s no harm done.”

ACT I. S. 2.



## X.

FERDINAND *led by ARIEL's song, in the character of a Sea-nymph; other Nymphs join in the burden.*

“ FER. Where should this music be? i' the air or the earth?

I hear it now above me.”

ACT I. S. 2.

“ PROSPERO to MIRANDA. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,  
And say, what thou see'st yond’.

MIR.

What is't? a spirit?”

ACT I. S. 2.

## XI.

FERDINAND *refusing to follow PROSPERO to his cell, on being accused of coming as a spy, and being threatened with imprisonment.*

“ FER.

No;

I will resist such entertainment till

Mine enemy has more power.

[*Draws.*

PROS. Put thy sword up, traitor;

Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience  
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;

For I can here disarm thee with this stick,

And make thy weapon drop.

MIR.

Beseech you, father!

PROS. Hence; hang not on my garments.”

ACT I. S. 2.

ARIEL sends a spell to fix FERDINAND's hand.





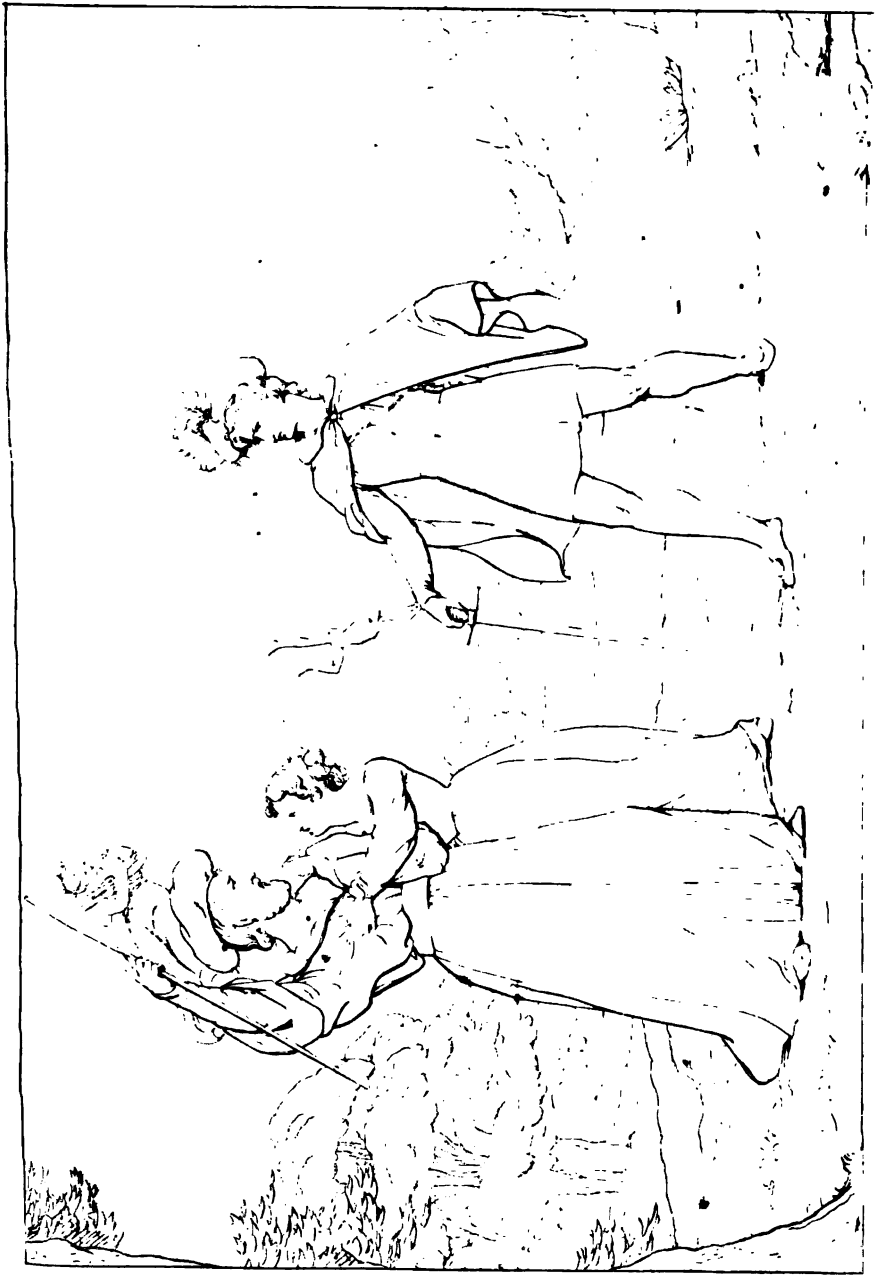






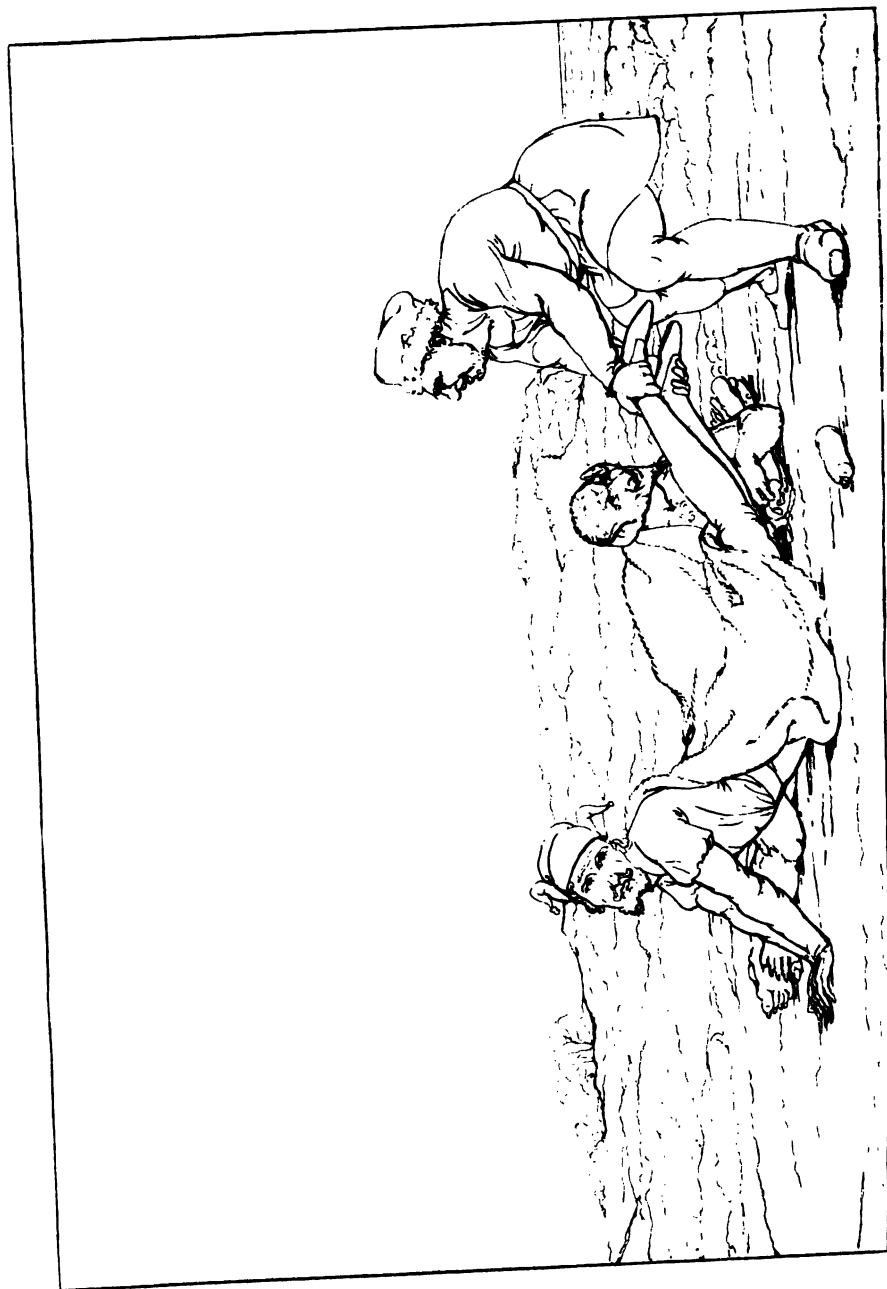


Illustration from the book 'The Story of the Crusades' by...

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1851







## XII.

ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN *going to murder the*  
KING *and* GONZALO. ARIEL *awakes them.*

“GON. Now, good angels preserve the king!

KING. Why how now!—ho! awake! why are you  
drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

GON. What’s the matter?

SEB. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,  
Even now we heard a hollow burst of bellowing,  
Like bulls, or rather lions.”

ACT II. S. 1.

## XIII.

STEPHANO, *the drunken butler, finds* TRINCULO,  
*the jester, under* CALIBAN’S *gaberdine.*

“If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I’ll pull thee by  
the lesser legs; if any be Trinculo’s legs, these be they.

CAL. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.  
That’s a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:  
I will kneel to him.”

ACT II. S. 2.

## XIV.

MIRANDA *offers to bear the logs for FERDINAND.*  
 PROSPERO *watching them behind.*

“MIR. If you'll sit down,  
 I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;  
 I'll carry it to the pile.

FER. No, precious creature;  
 I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,  
 Than you should such dishonour undergo,  
 While I sit lazy by.

*[A declaration of love is given and received.]*

PROS. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,  
 Who are surprised with all; but my rejoicing  
 At nothing can be more.”

ACT III. S. 1.

## XV.

*The KING and his train.*

“ANT. to SEB. Do not, for one repulse, forego the  
 purpose  
 That you resolved to effect.

SEB. The next advantage  
 Will we take thoroughly.

*[Solemn and strange music; PROSPERO above, invisible.]*

*Enter several strange shapes, bringing in a banquet.*  
*They dance about it, with gentle actions of salutation,*  
*and inviting the KING, &c. to eat, they depart.*

KING. What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!

GON. Marvellous sweet music!

KING. Give us kind keepers, heaven! What were  
 these?

SEB. A living drollery; now I will believe  
 That there are unicorns,” &c.

ACT III. S. 3.



















XVI.

*Enter ARIEL as a harpy, claps his wings upon the table, and the banquet vanishes.*

“ ARIEL. You are three men of sin !  
 . . . . . You three,  
 From Milan did supplant good Prospero ; &c.

GON. I’ the name of something holy, sir, why stand you  
 In this strange stare?

KING. O, it is monstrous ! monstrous !  
 Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it ;  
 The winds did sing it to me ; and the thunder,  
 That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced  
 The name of Prosper, &c.

SEB. But one fiend at a time,  
 I’ ll fight their legions o’er.

ANT. I’ ll be thy second.”

ACT III. S. 3.

XVII.

ARIEL *leading* STEPHANO, TRINCULO, and  
 CALIBAN *into the mire.*

“ AR. And then I beat my tabor ;  
 At which, like unback’d colts, they prick’d their ears,  
 Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses,  
 As they smelt music. . . . .

. . . . . At last I left them  
 I’ the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,  
 There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake  
 O’erstunk their feet.”

ACT IV. S. 1.

“ STE. I would, I could see this taborer : he lays it on.”

ACT III. S. 2.

CALIBAN is draining the last drop of wine from  
 his bottle.

## XVIII.

*The Masque raised by PROSPERO. Soft music. JUNO and CERES pronounce a blessing upon FERDINAND and MIRANDA.*

“**FEN.** This is a most majestic vision, and Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold To think these spirits ?

**PROS.** Sweet now, silence—  
There’s something else to do: hush, and be mute,  
Or else our spell is marr’d.

**IRIS.** You nymphs, called Naiads . . .

Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate  
A contract of true love: be not too late.  
You sunburn’d sicklemen, of August weary,  
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry,” &c.

[*Reapers join in a graceful dance with the Nymphs.*

*ARIEL is seen directing the Spirits.*

ACT IV. S. 1.

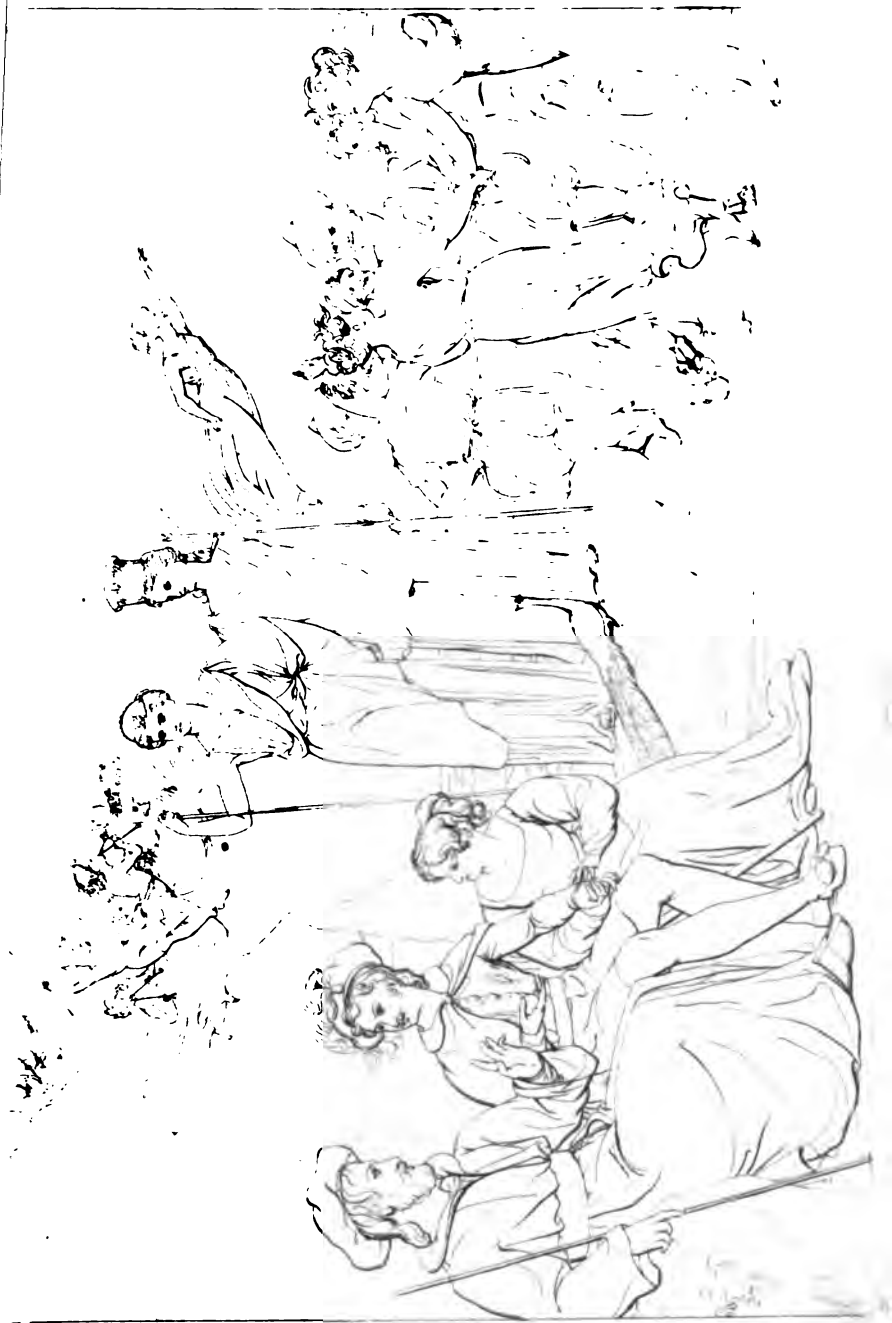
## XIX.

*Spirits hunting CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO. PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.*

“**CAL.** From crown to toe he’ll fill our skins with pinches,  
Make us strange stuff.

**PROS.** Let them be hunted soundly.”

ACT IV. S. 1.





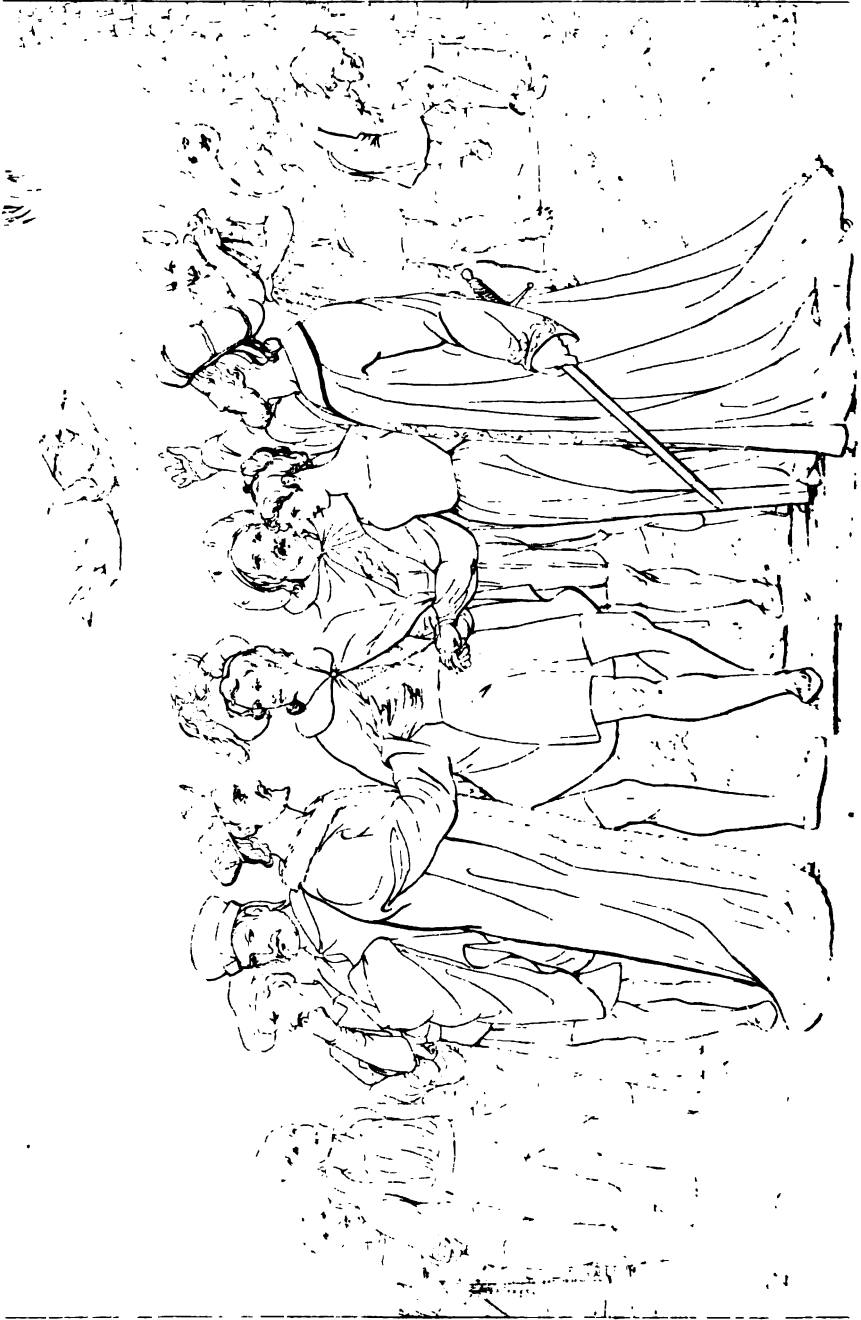


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XX.

FERDINAND introduces MIRANDA to his father—  
 PROSPERO, having discovered himself as Duke of  
 Milan, takes leave of ARIEL—SEBASTIAN and  
 ANTONIO sullen at being thwarted in their schemes  
 by PROSPERO's appearance—The Sailors are coming  
 up from the ship, and CALIBAN, TRINCULO, and  
 STEPHANO are returning from being hunted.

“ KING. Is this the goddess that hath severed us,  
 And brought us thus together ?

FER. Sir, she 's mortal ;  
 But, by immortal providence, she 's mine.

PROS. My Ariel ;—chick.  
 . . . . . Then to the elements  
 Be free, and fare thee well.

CAL. O Setebos ! these be brave spirits indeed.  
 How fine my master is ! I am afraid  
 He will chastise me . . . . .

. . . . . I shall be pinch'd to death.

TRIN. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last,  
 that, I fear me, it will never be out of my bones : I shall  
 not fear flyblowing.

STE. O, touch me not ; I am not Stephano, but a  
 cramp.”

ACT V. S. 1.



**TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.**

**TWELVE PLATES.**

**DRAWN AND ENGRAVED**

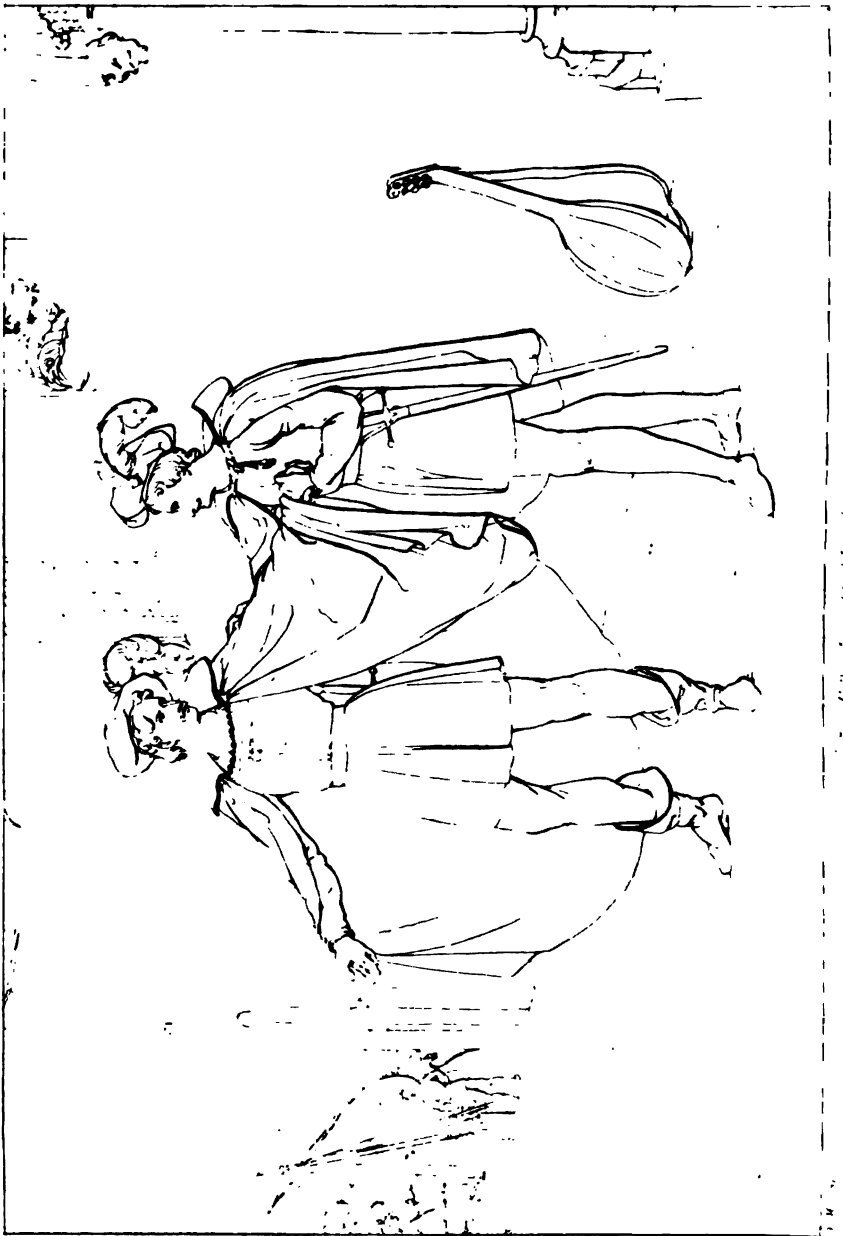
**BY FRANK HOWARD.**

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REFERENCES DESCRIPTIVE OF THE  
PLATES.

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*TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.*

It has been thought right to follow Shakspeare, in making Valentine and Proteus travel from Verona to Milan by water, though no modern discoveries have shown where the river was that "if it were dry," Launce felt "able to fill it with *his* tears."

I.

VALENTINE *taking leave of* PROTEUS.

"VAL. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus;  
Wer't not affection chains thy tender days  
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,  
I rather would entreat thy company  
To see the wonders of the world abroad.

PRO. Wilt thou begone? Sweet Valentine, adieu."

ACT I. S. 1.

## II.

VALENTINE, SILVIA, *and* SPEED.

“VAL. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter  
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours,  
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in  
But for my duty to your ladyship.

SIL. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

VAL. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,  
Please you command, a thousand times as much:  
And yet,—

SIL. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel:  
And yet I will not name it:—and yet I care not:—  
And yet take this again:—and yet I thank you;  
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

SPEED. And yet you will; and yet another yet. (*Aside.*)

VAL. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

SIL. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ:  
But since unwillingly, take them again;  
Nay, take them.

SPEED. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,  
As nose on a man's face, or weathercock on a steeple!”

ACT II. S. 1.

## III.

PROTEUS *taking leave of* JULIA.

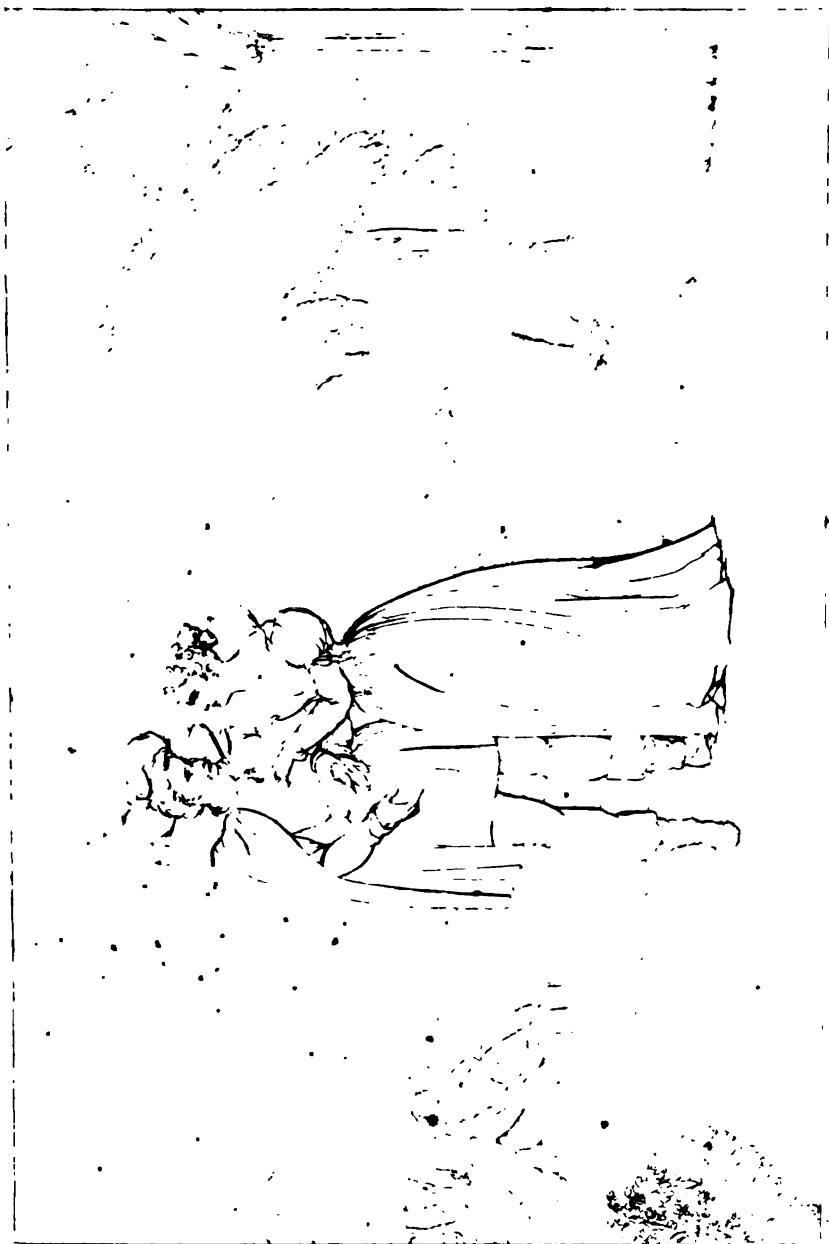
“JUL. If you turn not you will return the sooner:  
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.”

(*Giving a ring.*)

ACT II. S. 2.















## IV.

PROTEUS' *introduction to* SILVIA.

“DUKE. Welcome him then according to his worth ;  
Silvia, I speak to you ; and you, Sir Thurio :—  
For Valentine, I need not 'cite him to it.

VAL. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you  
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

SIL. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,  
If this be he you oft have wished to hear from.

VAL. Mistress, it is : sweet lady, entertain him  
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

SIL. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

PRO. Not so, sweet lady ; but too mean a servant  
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.”

ACT II. S. 4.

SPEED *in the background is welcoming* LAUNCE.

“SPEED. Launce ! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

But, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia ?  
. . . . How stands the matter with them ?

LAUNCE. Marry, thus ; when it stands well with him,  
it stands well with her.

SPEED. What an ass art thou ! I understand thee not.

LAUNCE. What a block art thou, that thou canst not !  
My staff understands me.

SPEED. What thou say'st ?

LAUNCE. Ay, and what I do, too : look thee, I'll but  
lean, and my staff understands me.”

ACT II. S. 5.

V.

*JULIA preparing to follow*

“JUL. Lucetta, as thou lov’st me,  
What thou think’st meet, and is mo

VI.

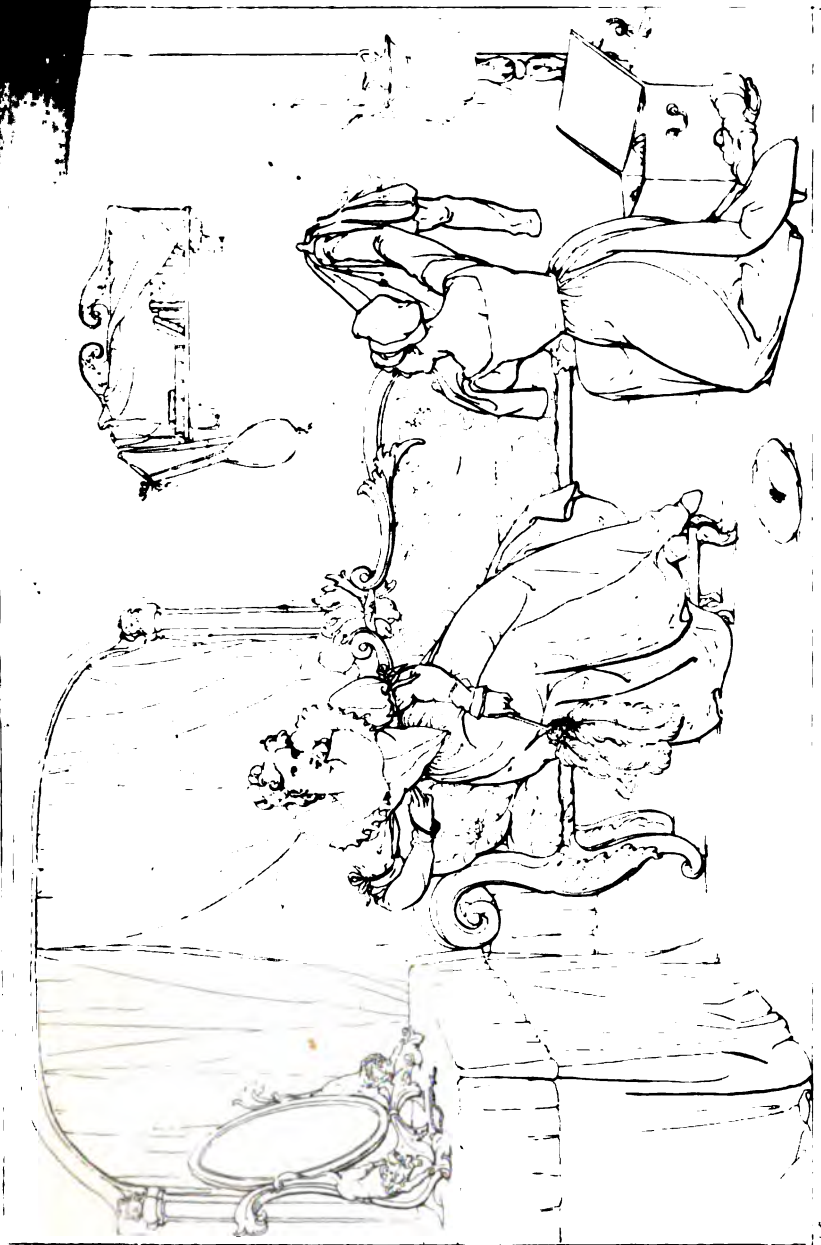
*VALENTINE detected by the Duke upon the treacherous  
information of PROTEUS.*

“DUKE. How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

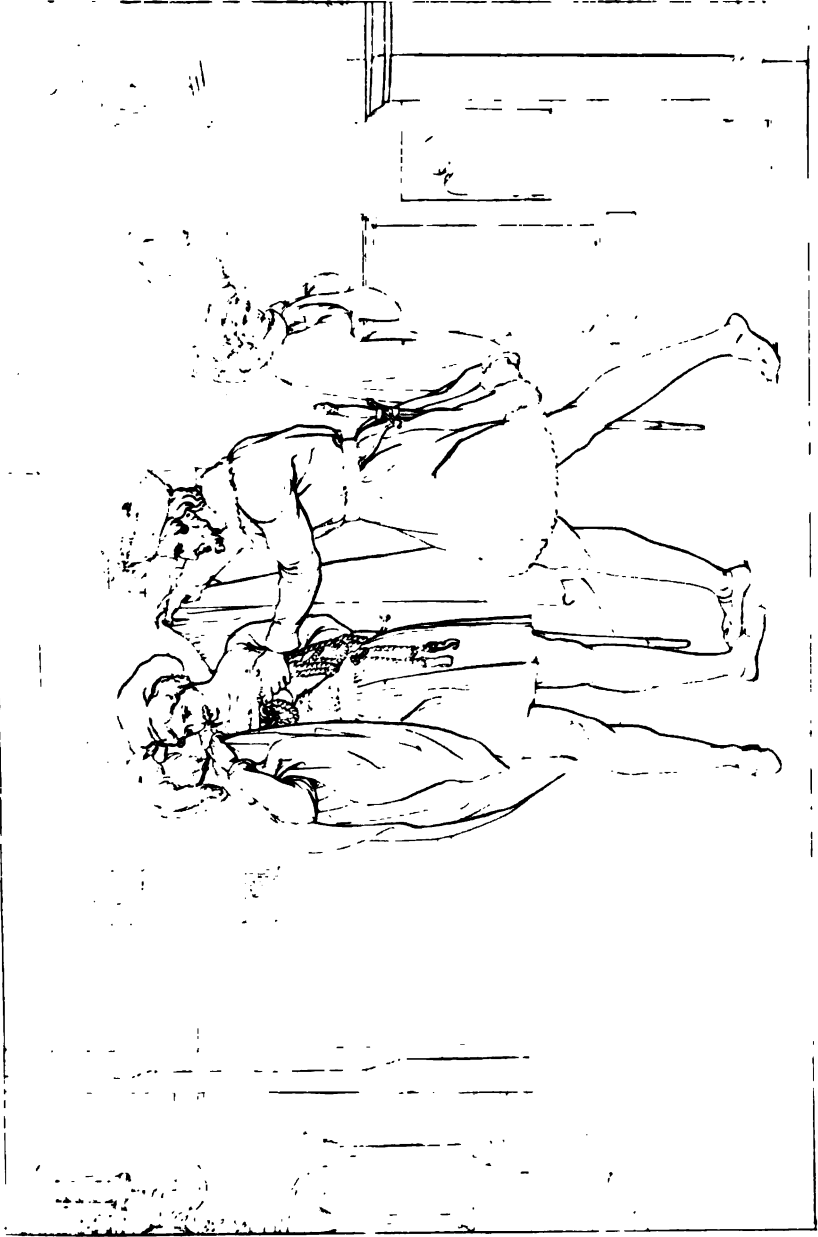
VAL. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it  
Under a cloak, that is of any length.

DUKE. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?  
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.  
What letter is this same? What’s here? *to Silvia?*  
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!”

ACT III. S. 1.



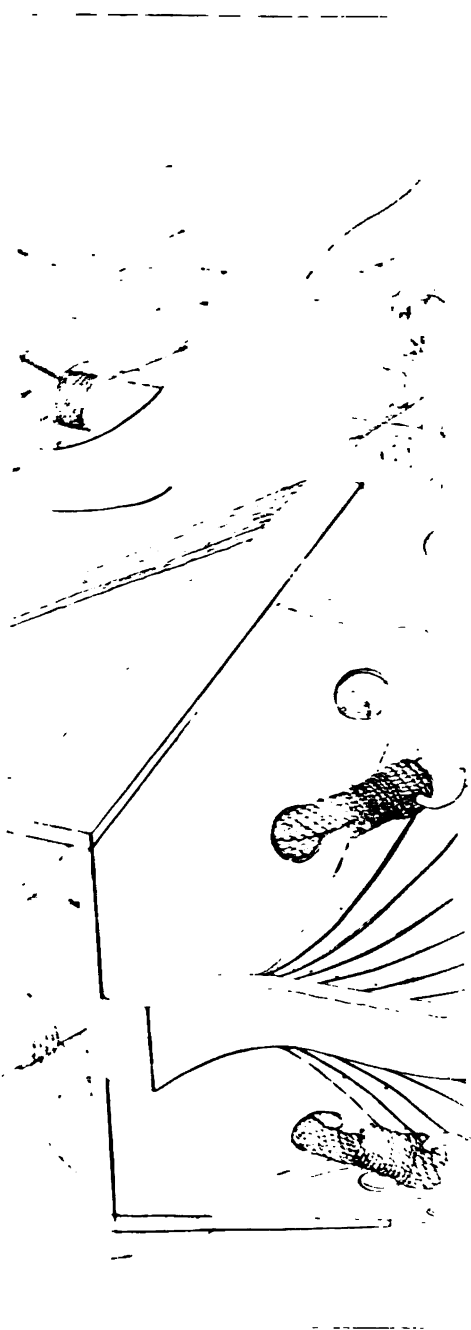




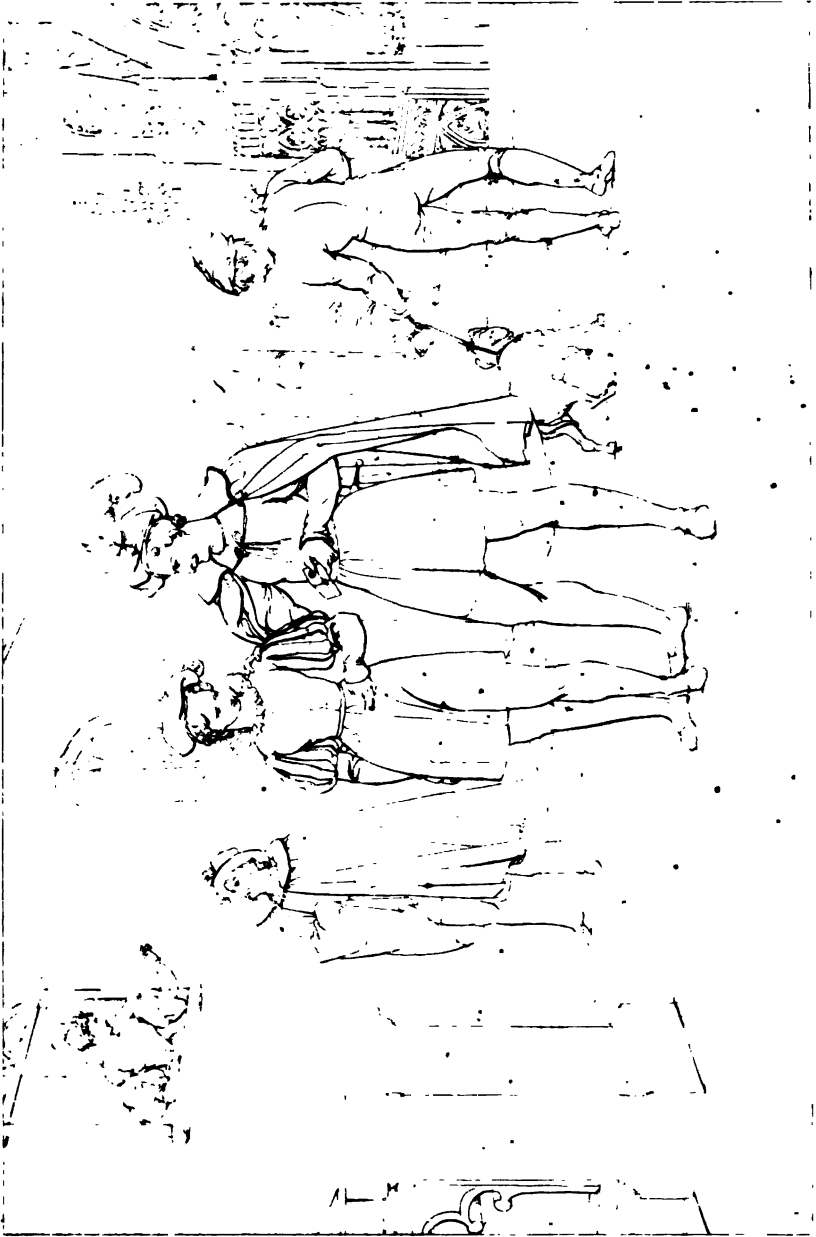












## VII.

PROTEUS *having dismissed LAUNCE and engaged JULIA, under the name of SEBASTIAN, as his Page, sends her with a letter and ring to SILVIA.*

“ PRO. Go presently, and take this ring with thee,  
 Deliver it to madam Silvia :  
 She loved me well, delivered it to me.  
 . . . Give her that ring and therewithal  
 This letter.”

ACT IV. S. 4.

SILVIA *is seen arranging her intended escape with EGLAMOUR.*

“ SIL. Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,  
 To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode ;  
 And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,  
 I do desire thy worthy company,  
 Upon whose faith and honour I repose.”

ACT IV. S. 3.

## VIII.

*JULIA delivering PROTEUS' letter and ring to SILVIA.*

“SIL. Ursula, bring my picture there.  
Go give your master this: tell him from me  
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,  
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

I will not look upon your master's lines:  
I know they are stuff'd with protestations,  
And full of new found oaths; which he will break  
As easily as I do tear his paper.

JUL. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

SIL. The more shame for him that he sends it me,  
For, I have heard him say, a thousand times,  
His Julia gave it him at his departure:  
Though his false finger hath profan'd the ring,  
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.”

ACT IV. S. 4.

## IX.

*SILVIA escaping with EGLAMOUR.*

“SIL. . . . . Go on, good Eglamour!  
Out at the postern by the abbey wall;  
I fear I am attended by some spies.”

ACT V. S. 1.

## X.

“VAL. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;  
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

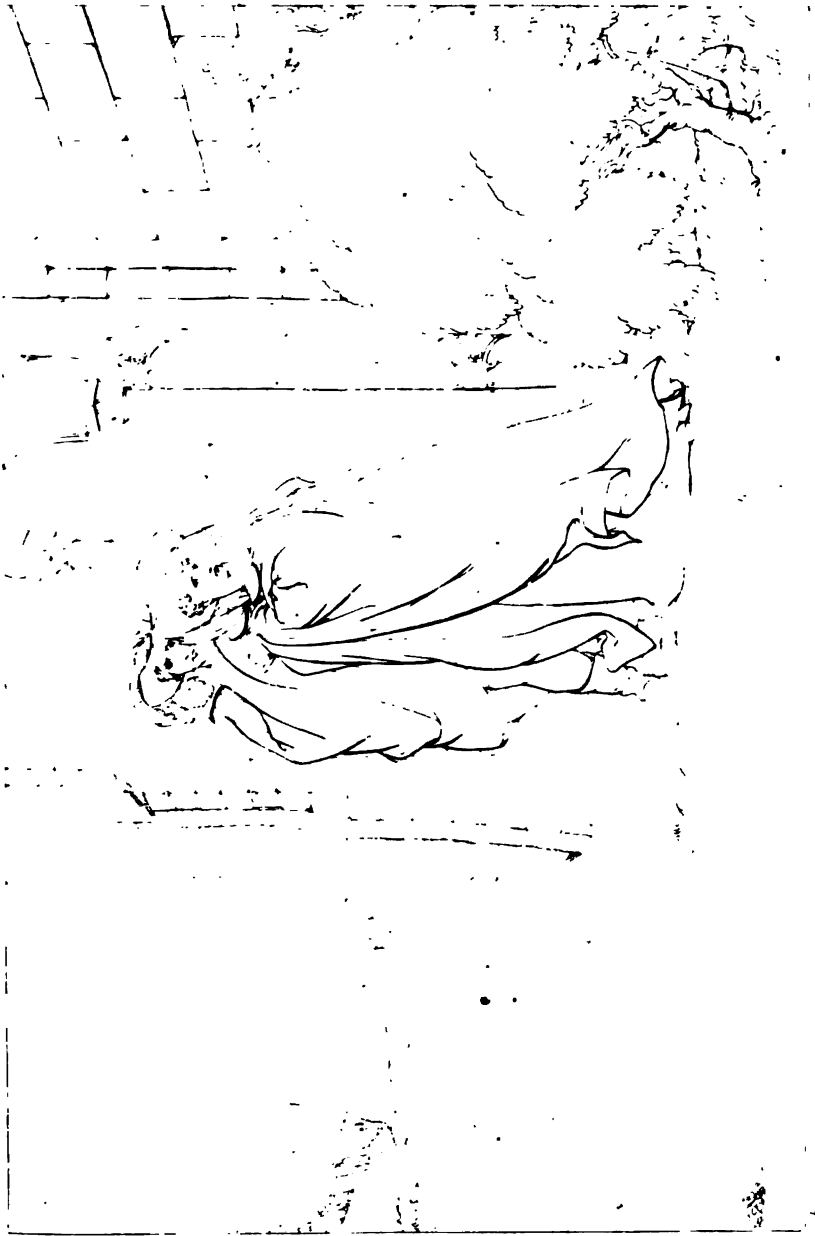
PRO.

Valentine!”

ACT V. S. 4.







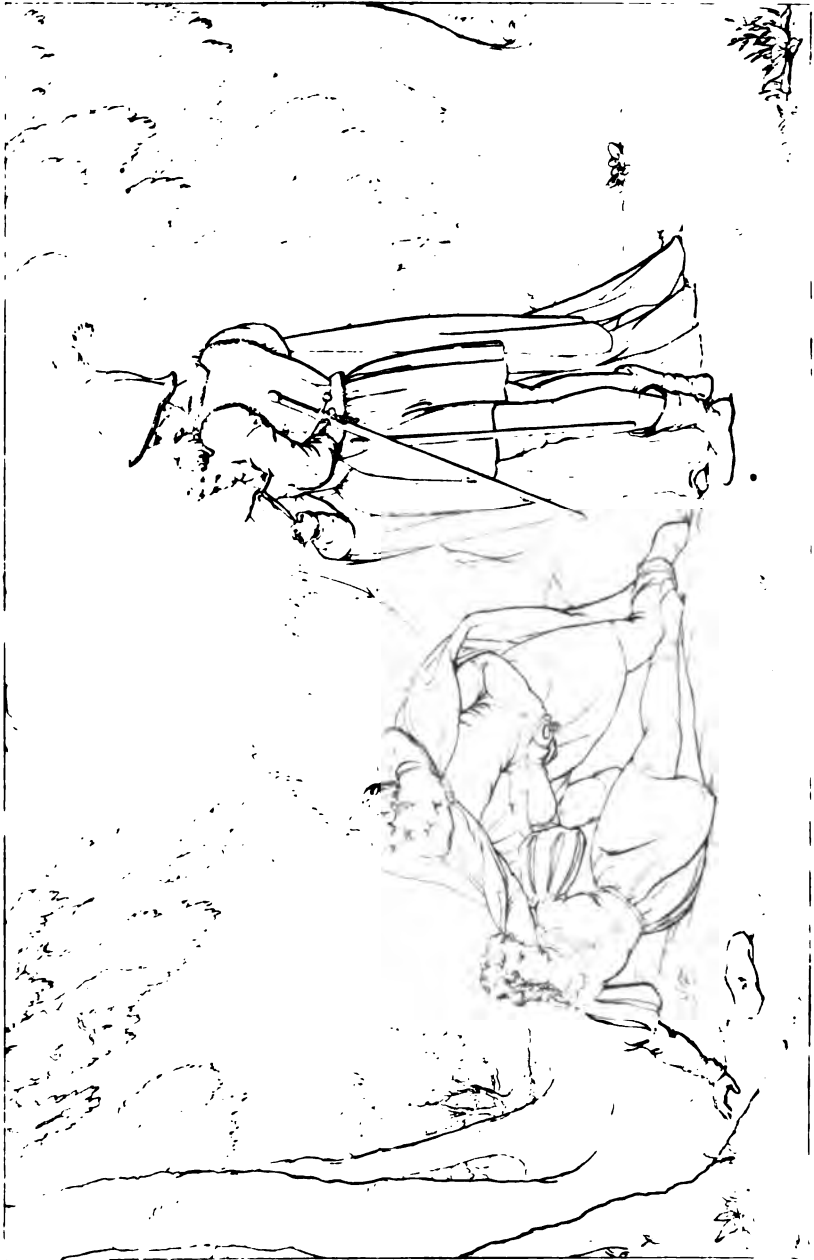
















## XI.

*JULIA discovered.*

PRO. Why this is the ring I gave to Julia.

JUL. O, I cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook;  
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

PRO. But how cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart  
I gave it unto Julia.

JUL. And Julia herself did give it me;  
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

PRO. How! Julia!

ACT V. S. 4.

## XII.

*Outlaws bring in the Duke and THURIO.*

THUR. Yonder is Silvia, and Silvia's mine.

VAL. Thurio give back, or else embrace thy death;  
Come not within the measure of my wrath:  
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,  
Milan shall not behold thee. Here she stands,  
Take but possession of her with a touch;—  
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

DUKE. I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,  
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.

Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved her."

ACT V. S. 4.





**TWELFTH NIGHT.**

**TWENTY PLATES.**

**DRAWN AND ENGRAVED**

**BY FRANK HOWARD.**

**B**



## REFERENCES DESCRIPTIVE OF THE PLATES.

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### *TWELFTH NIGHT.*

Two introductory scenes, the saving of VIOLA, and of SEBASTIAN, have been given, in accordance with our design of illustrating Shakspeare, by representing the incidents he has described or only alluded to, as well as to explain the mistakes which afterwards arise, by showing the connexion and likeness between VIOLA and SEBASTIAN. A final scene, also, has been added, to show the conclusion of the play.

The description of SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK,

“As tall a man as any ’s in Illyria,”

has been literally followed, as forming a better contrast to VIOLA in the duel and other scenes, it not being at all certain that any other meaning should be attached to the word. It is the only visible qualification mentioned, and is not denied by MARIA, and it is conceived that the falsehood of all the rest of the description, as to his skill in languages and

possession of all the good gifts of nature, does not invalidate this single uncontradicted assertion. The commentators have applied this also to his internal man, and explain it by "hold:" but MARIA's speech seems to have been overlooked :

" He hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling."

The only other interpretation to be put upon it is " rich ;" as, in answer to MARIA's question,

" What's that to the purpose ?"

SIR TOBY answers,

" Why, he has three thousand ducats a-year."

But for the advantage above-mentioned, the literal meaning of the word has been taken, in preference to any dubious interpretation.

## I.

*The saving of VIOLA from the wreck.*

" CAPT. . . . You, and that poor number saved with you,  
Hung on our driving boat."

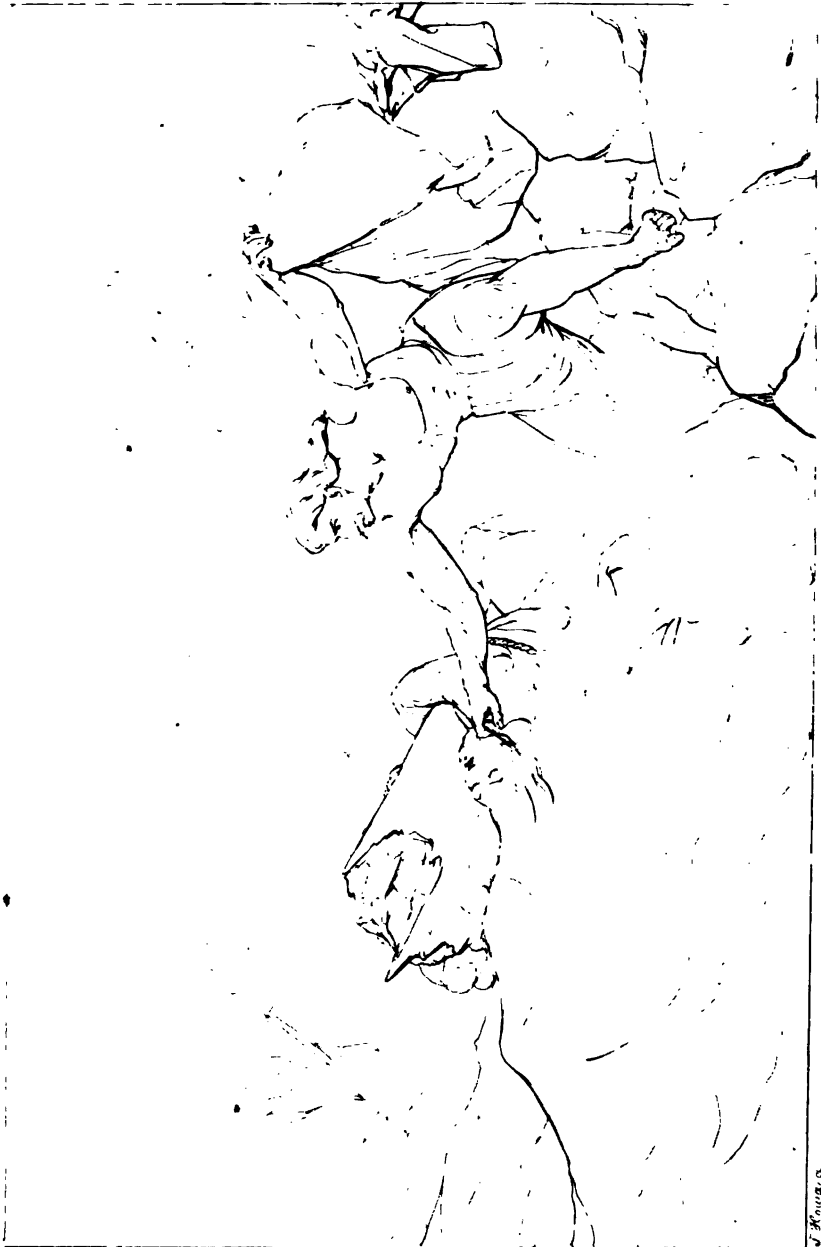
ACT I. S. 2.







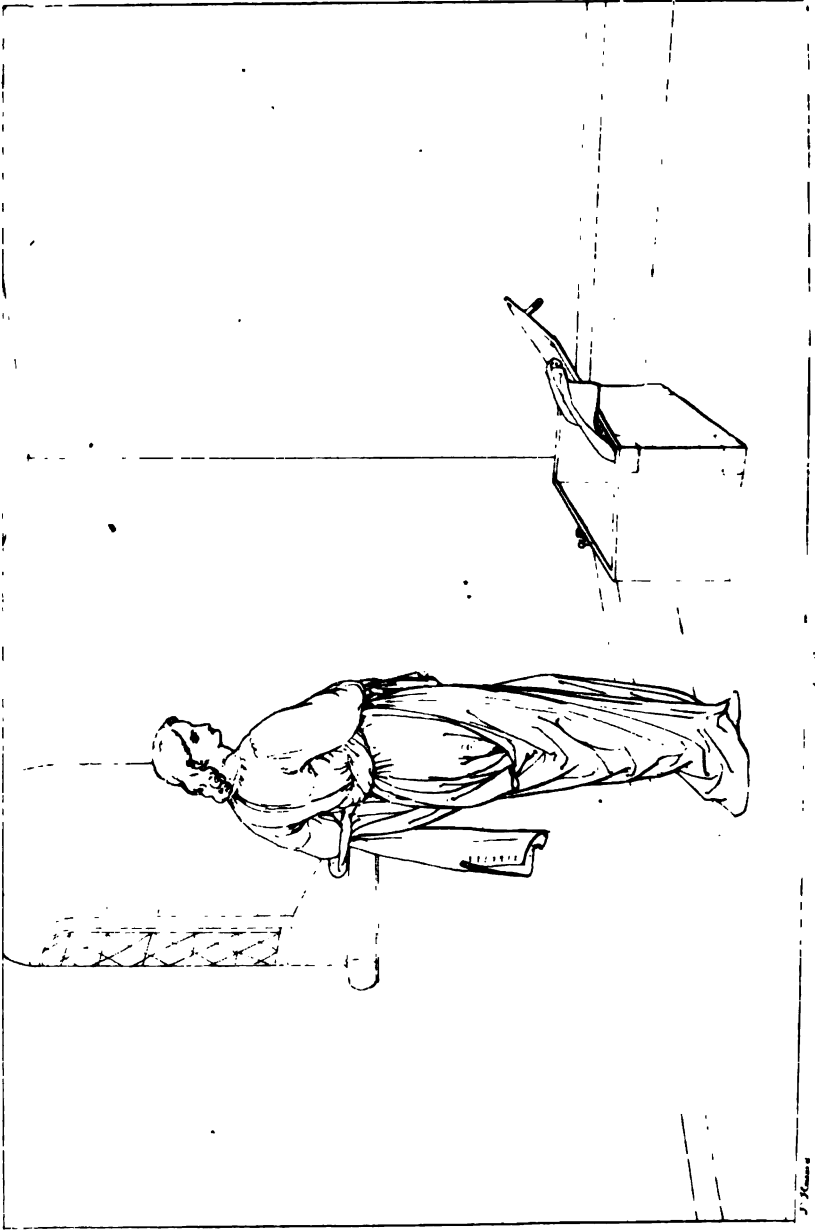




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J. H. H. H.





W. H. R. Right. 183  
London. D. 1830. 1830. 1830. 1830.

J. H. H. H.





## II.

ANTONIO *saving* SEBASTIAN.

“ . . . . . *Who,*  
 . . . . . most provident in peril, ‘*bound*’ himself  
 To a strong mast, that lived upon the sea.”

ACT I. S. 2.

“ *Antonio* took him from the breach of the sea.”

ACT II. S. 1.

## III.

VIOLA *disguising herself as her brother.*

“ VIO. . . . . Even such, and so,  
 In favour was my brother; and he went  
 Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,  
 For him I imitate.”

ACT III. S. 4.

## IV.

*The Captain presenting VIOLA to ORSINO as an  
 eunuch, under the name of CESARIO.*

“ VIO. . . . . I ’ll serve this duke;  
 Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,  
 It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,  
 And speak to him in many sorts of music,  
 That will allow me very worth his service.  
 What else may hap, to time I will commit;  
 Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.”

ACT I. S. 2.

## V.

ORSINO *sending* VIOLA *to* OLIVIA.

“ ORS. . . . . Cesario,  
 Thou know’st no less but all; I have unclasp’d  
 To thee the book even of my secret soul:  
 Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;  
 Be not denied access, stand at her doors,  
 And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,  
 Till thou have audience.

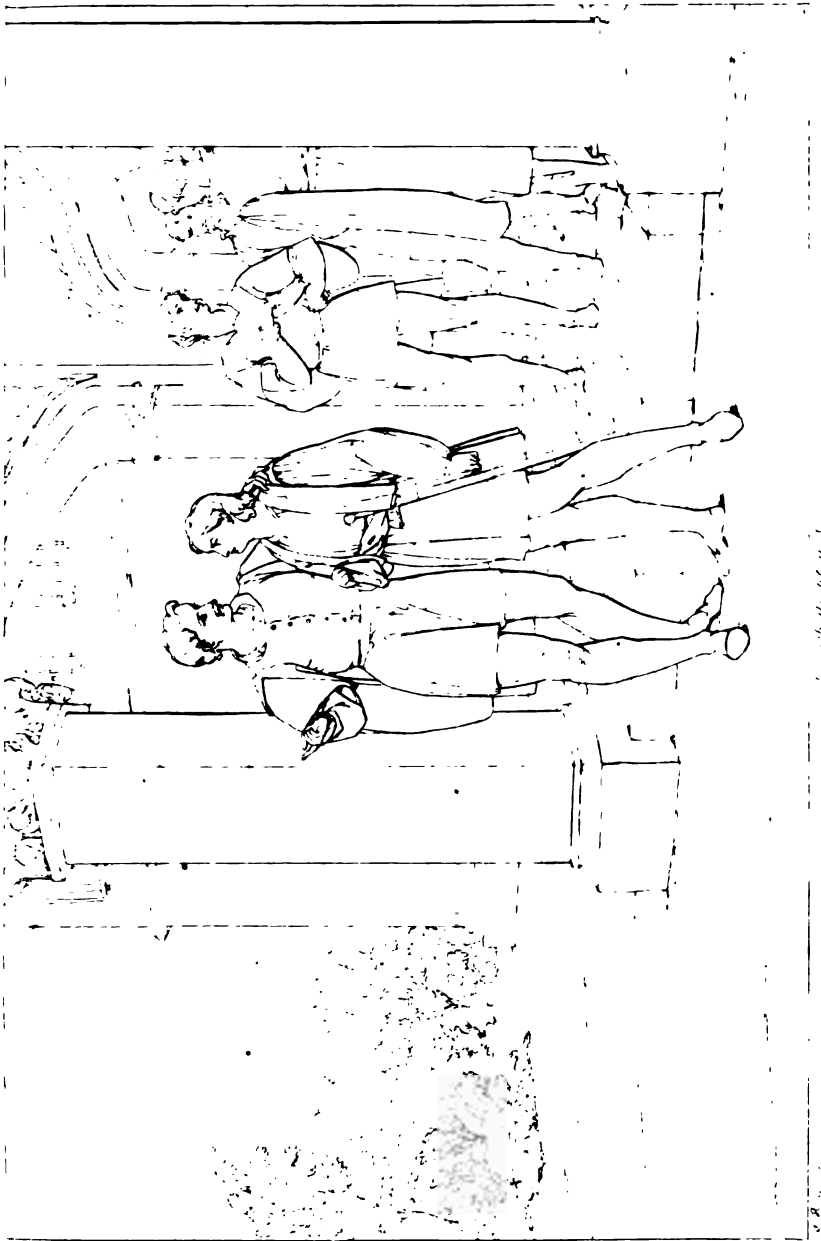
VIO. . . . . Sure, my noble lord,  
 If she be so abandon’d to her sorrow  
 As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

ORS. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,  
 Rather than make unprofited return.

VIO. Say, I do speak with her, my lord: What then?

ORS. O, then unfold the passion of my love,  
 Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:  
 It shall become thee well to act my woes;  
 She will attend it better in thy youth,  
 Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.”

ACT I. S. 4.











## VI.

*The interview between VIOLA and OLIVIA.*

“VIO. Good madam, let me see your face.

OLI. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one as I was this presents: Is 't not well done? [Unveiling.]

VIO. Excellently done, if God did all.

OLI. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

VIO. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white  
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:  
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,  
If you will lead these graces to the grave,  
And leave the world no copy.

OLI. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: It shall be inventoried; and every particle, and utensil, labelled to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two gray eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to 'praise me?

VIO. I see what you are: you are too proud;  
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.  
My lord and master loves you.”

ACT I. S. 5.

## VII.

*The Revel.*—SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK, and the Clown sing a catch.—Enter MARIA.

“MAR. What a catterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

SIR TO. My lady’s a Cataian, we are politicians; Malvolio’s a Peg-a-Ramsay, and *Three merry men we be*. Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-valley, lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*  
(Singing.)

CLOWN. Beshrew me, but the knight’s in admirable fooling.

SIR AND. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

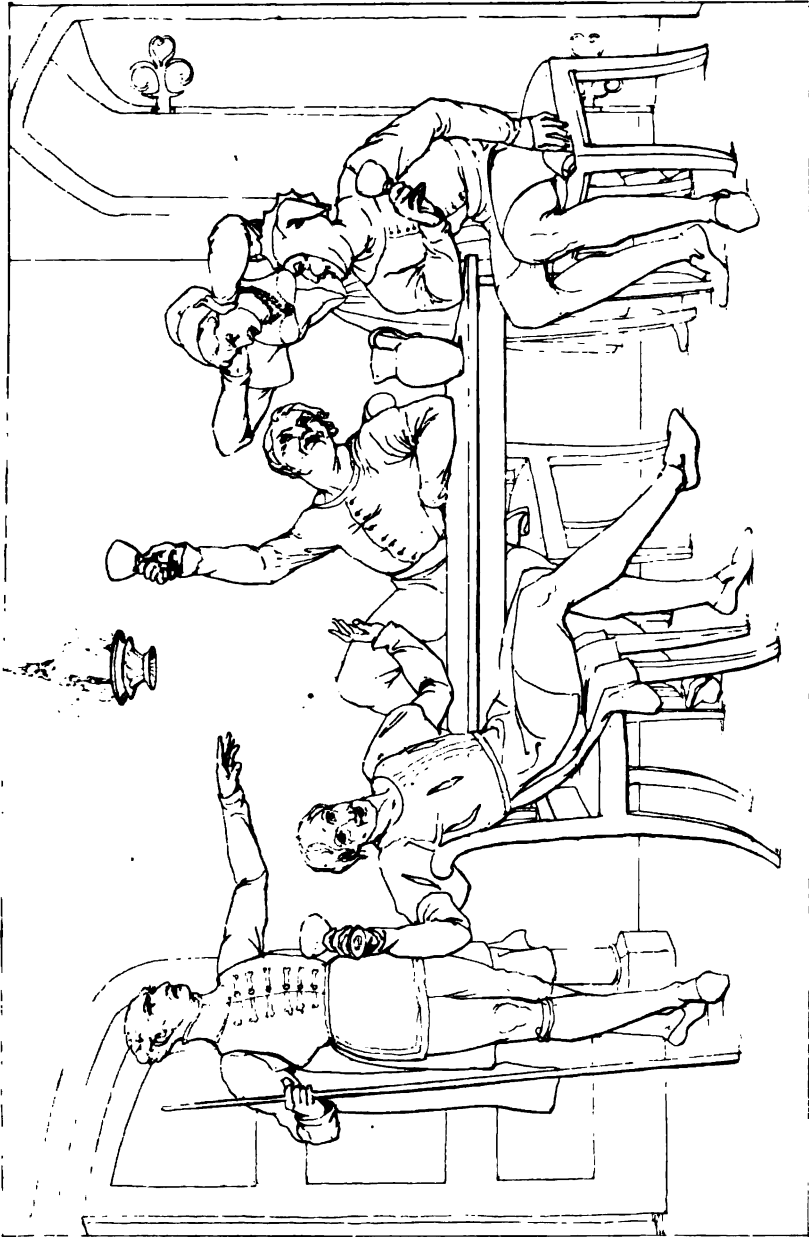
SIR TO. *O, the twelfth day of December,*— (Singing.)

MARIA. For the love o’ God, peace.

*Enter MALVOLIO.*

MAL. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night?”

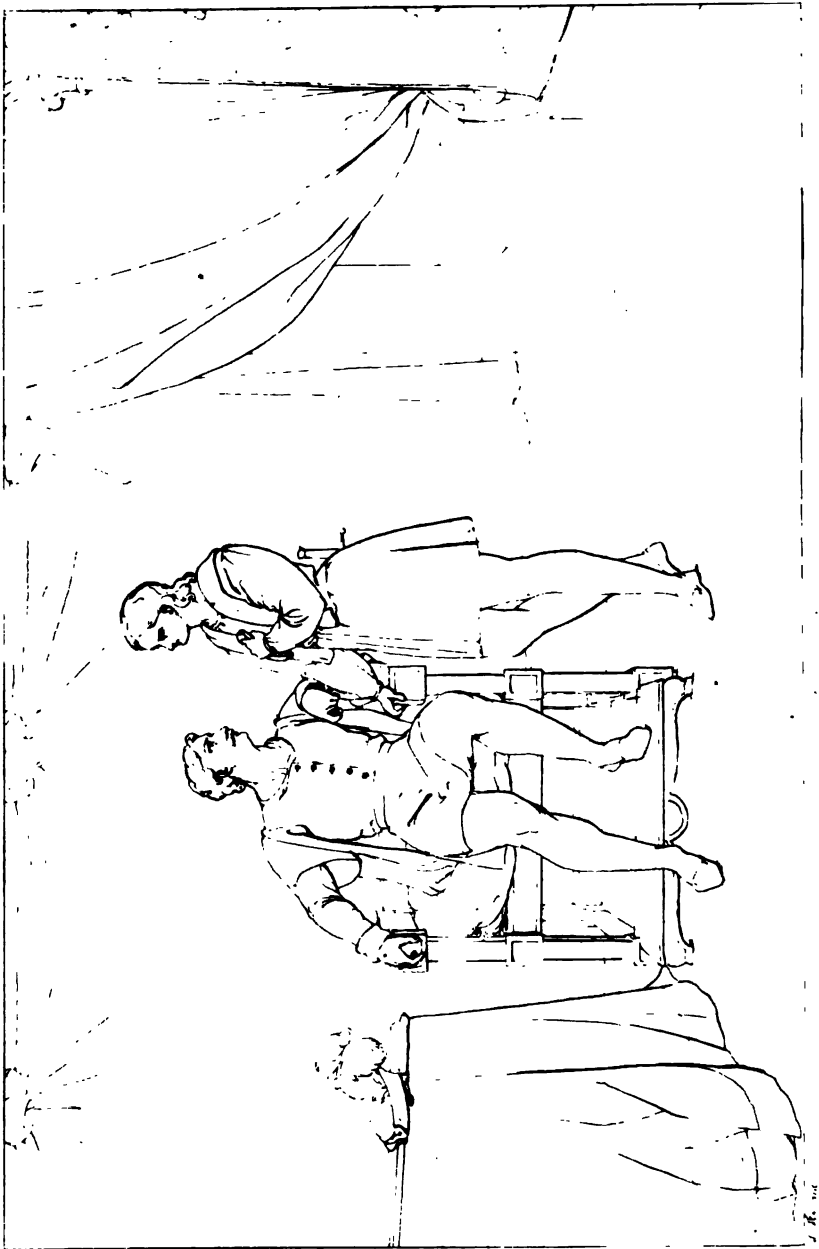
ACT II. S. 3.













## IX.

MALVOLIO *meditating upon the letter he has found.*—

SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, and FABIAN, *watching him.*

“MAL. I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-de-vice, the very man.

SIR To. O, for a stone bow, to hit him in the eye !”

ACT II. S. 5.

## X.

ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

“ANT. . . . . Hold, sir, here's my purse ;  
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,  
Is best to lodge : I will bespeak our diet,  
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge,  
With viewing of the town ; there shall you have me.

SEB. Why I your purse ?

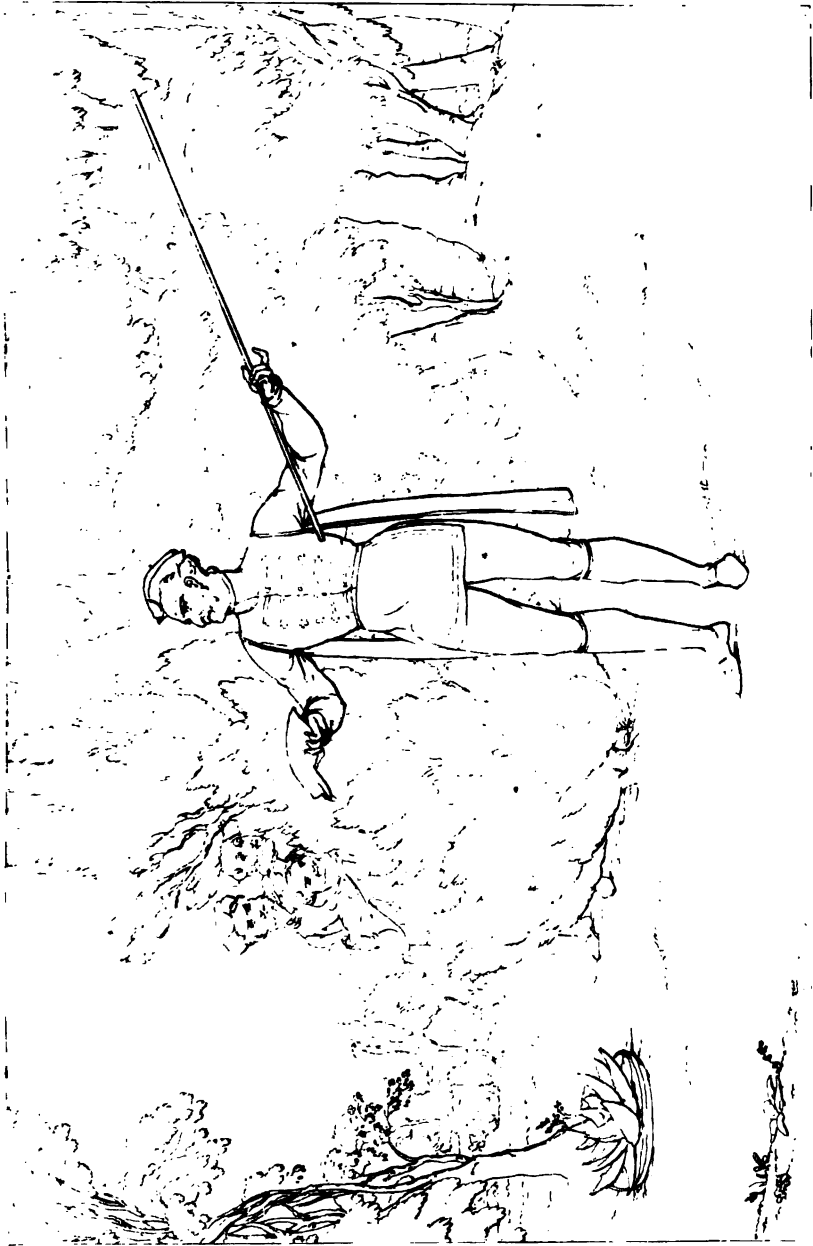
ANT. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy  
You have desire to purchase ; and your store,  
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

SEB. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for  
An hour.

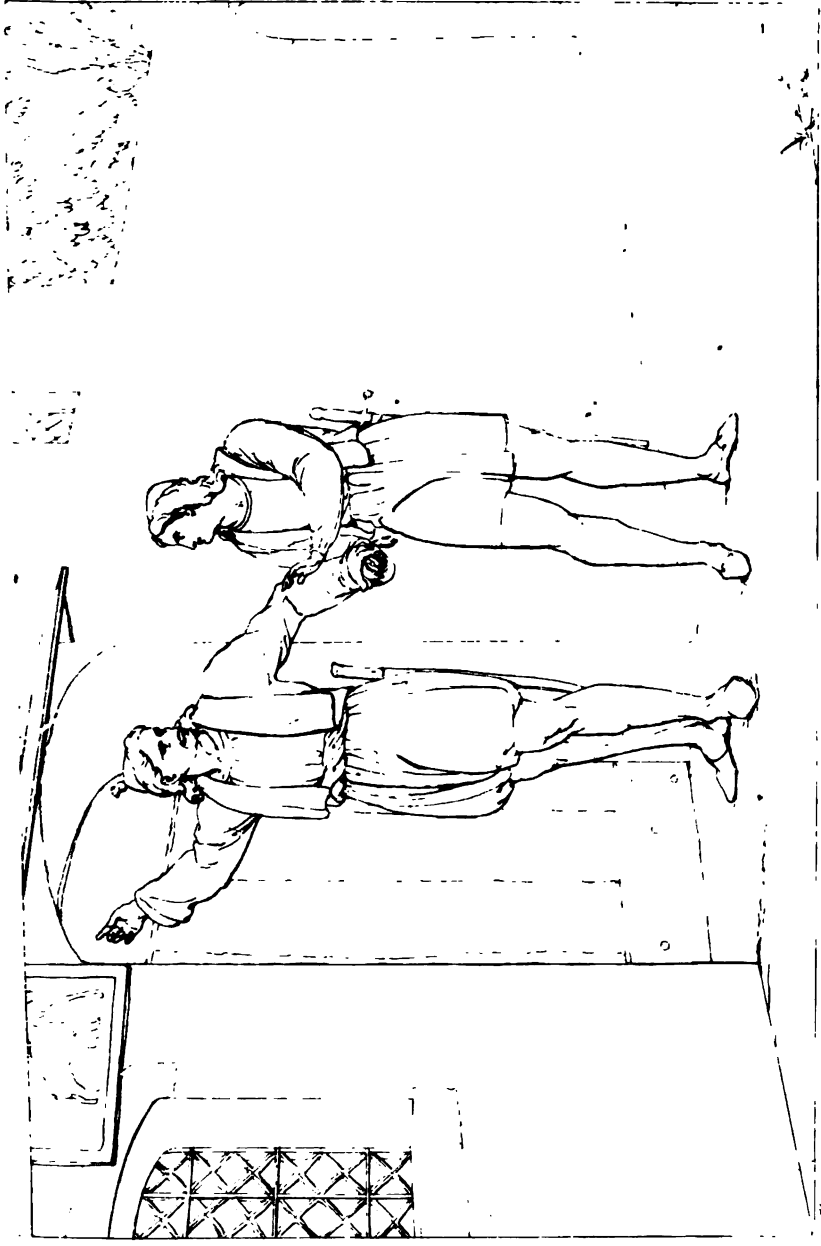
ANT. To the Elephant.—

SEB. I do remember.”

ACT III. S. 3.







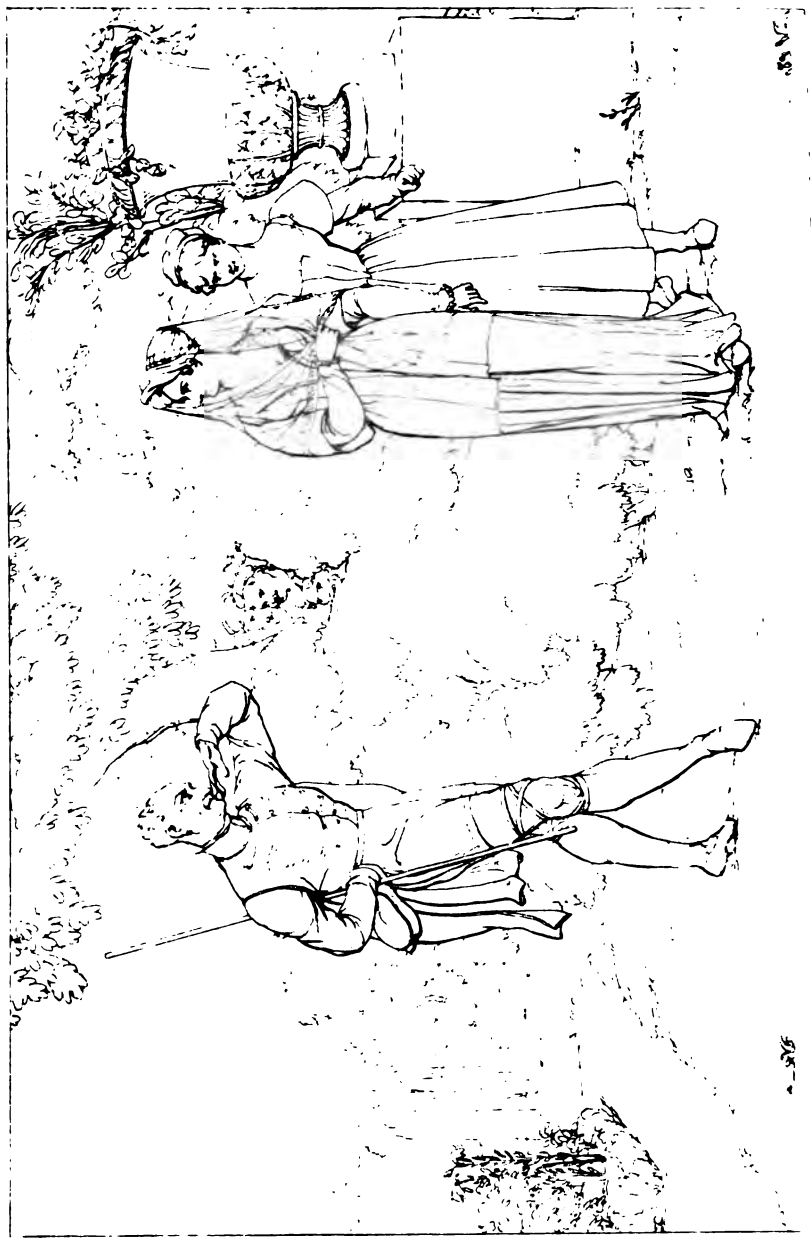
... with a girl in 1840  
from the collection of the J. Paul Getty Center

Howard









188 V.

188 V.

J. H. H. H.

## XL.

MALVOLIO *before* OLIVIA, *in yellow stockings and cross-gartered, according to the directions in the Letter.*—  
SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *and* FABIAN, *watching him.*

“MARIA. . . . He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. . . . I can hardly forbear hurling things at him.”

ACT III. S. 2.

“OLI. How now, Malvolio?”

MAL. Sweet lady, ho, ho. (*Smiles fantastically.*)

OLI. Smilest thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

MAL. Sad, lady? I could be sad: This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering: But what of that, if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: *Please one, and please all.*

OLI. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?”

ACT III. S. 4.

## XII.

OLIVIA *and* VIOLA.

“OLI. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful  
 In the contempt and anger of his lip!  
 Cesario, by the roses of the spring,  
 By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,  
 I love thee so, that maugre all thy pride,  
 Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.”

ACT III. S. 1.

“ . . . . .  
 What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny;  
 That honour, saved, may upon asking give.

VIO. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

OLI. How with mine honour may I give him that  
 Which I have given to you?

VIO. I will acquit you.”

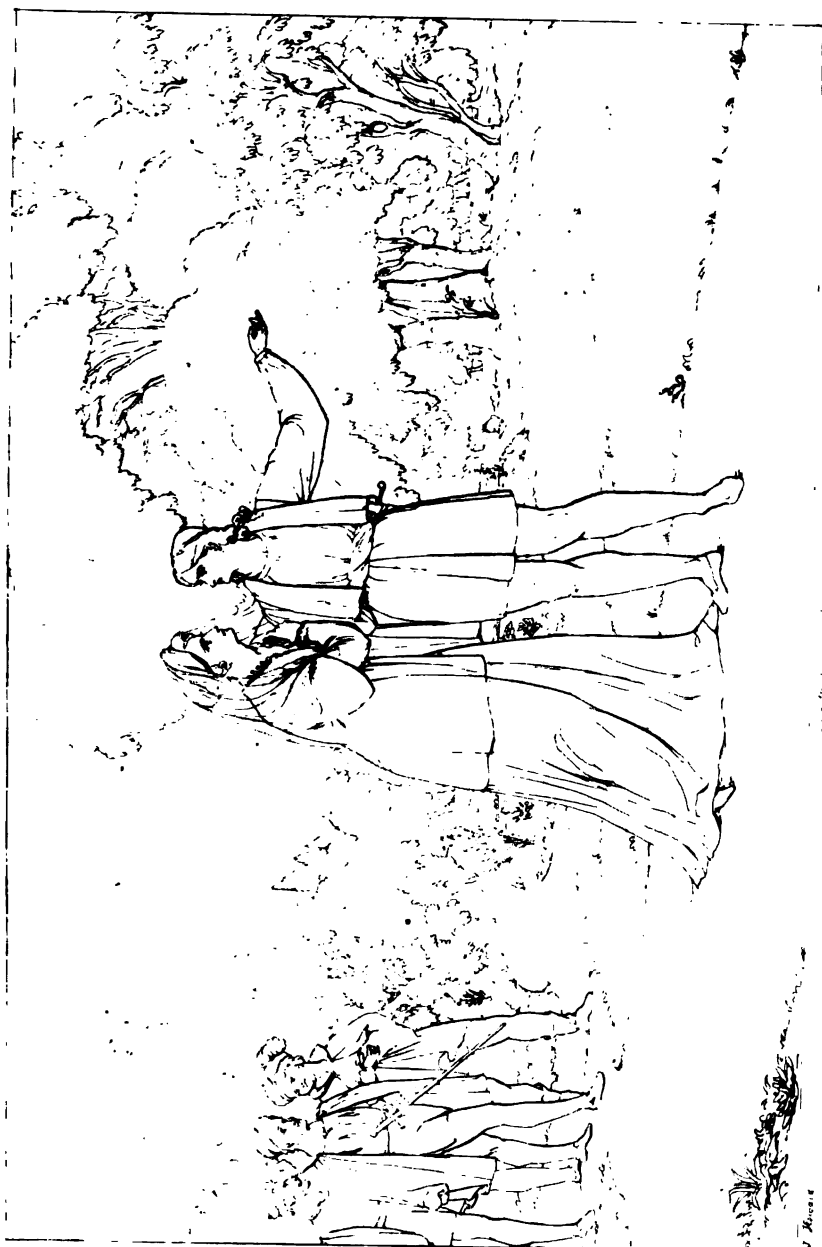
ACT III. S. 4.

SIR TOBY BELCH *and* FABIAN *urging* SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK *to challenge* VIOLA.

“FAB. She did show favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you.

SIR To. . . Build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.”

ACT III. S. 2.



Two women in traditional dress, 1922 (p. 3, Center.)

J. H. H. H.







द्वारा चित्रित किया गया है।  
द्वारा चित्रित किया गया है।

19

## XIII.

*The duel between SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK and  
VIOLA interrupted by ANTONIO.*

SIR TO. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in, with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable.

SIR AND. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him.

VIO. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man. (*Aside.*)

FAB. Give ground, if you see him furious.

SIR TO. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman, and a soldier, he will not hurt you.

SIR AND. Pray God, he keep his oath. (*Draws.*)

ANT. Put up your sword:—If this young gentleman have done offence, I take the fault on me; If you offend him, I for him defy you." (*Drawing.*)  
*In the back ground the Officers are watching ANTONIO.*

ACT III. S. 4.



## XIV.

ANTONIO *under arrest, addresses VIOLA as SEBASTIAN, and requests the return of his purse.*

“ANT. . . . Now my necessity  
Makes me to ask you for my purse . . .  
I must entreat of you some of that money.

VIO. What money, sir?  
For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,  
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,  
Out of my lean and low ability  
I'll lend you something: my having is not much;  
I'll make division of my present with you:  
Hold, there is half my coffer.

ANT. Will you deny me now?  
Is't possible, that my deserts to you  
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,  
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,  
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses  
That I have done for you.

SIR To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a  
coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his  
friend here in necessity, and denying him.”

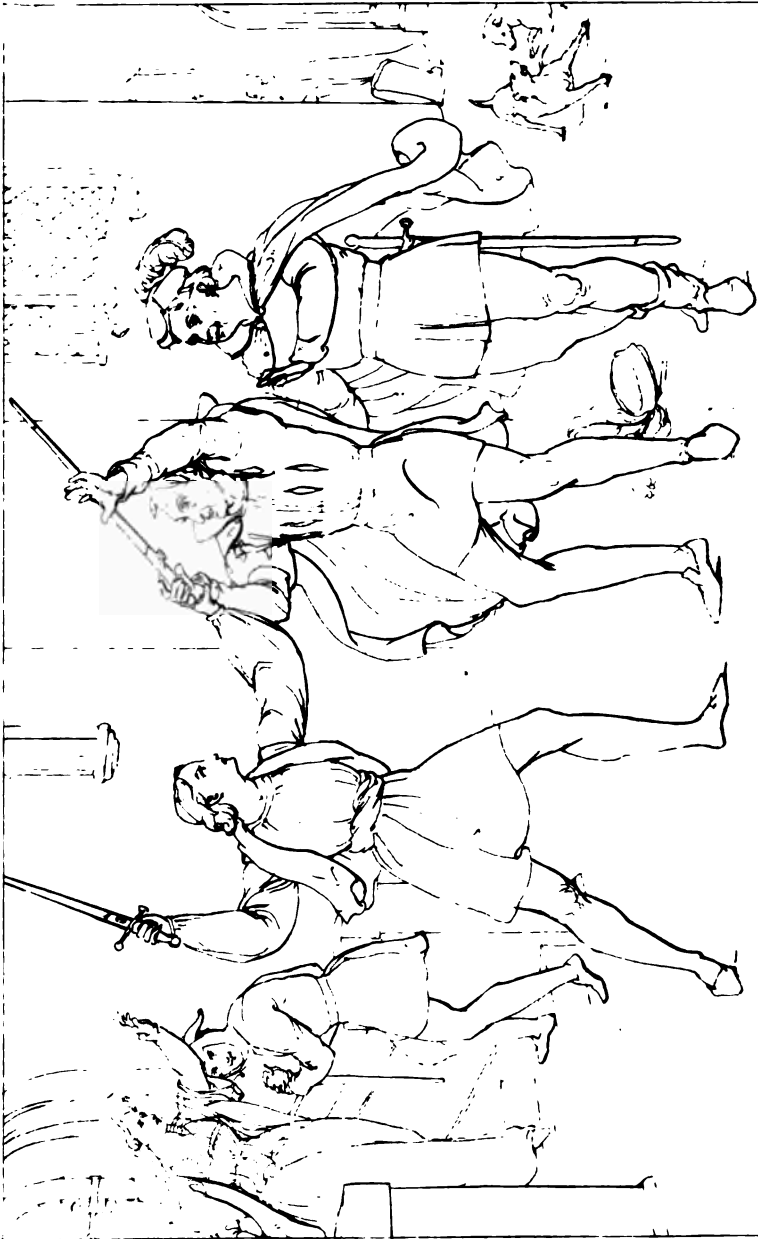
ACT III. S. 4.



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## XV.

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK *meeting* SEBASTIAN, *mistakes him for* VIOLA.

“SIR AND. ’Slid, I’ll after him again, and beat him.

SIR TO. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.”

ACT. III. S. 4.

“SIR AND. Now, sir, have I met you again? there’s for you. *(Beats him.)*

SEB. Why, there’s for thee, and there, and there: Are all the people mad? *(Beats SIR AND.)*

SIR TO. Hold, sir.

CLOWN. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence.

*Enter* OLIVIA.

OLI. Hold, Toby on thy life, I charge thee, hold!”

ACT IV. S. 1.

## XVI.

*The marriage of* OLIVIA *to* SEBASTIAN.

“OLI. Blame not this haste of mine: If you mean well,

Now go with me, and with this holy man,  
Into the chantry by: there, before him,  
And underneath that consecrated roof,  
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;  
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul  
May live at peace.

SEB. I’ll follow this good man, and go with you;  
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.”

ACT IV. S. 3.



## XVII.

ANTONIO *brought before* ORSINO.

“ VIO. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

ORS. That face of his I do remember well;  
 Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd  
 As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war:  
 A baubling vessel was he captain of,  
 For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable:  
 With which such scathful grapple did he make  
 With the most noble bottom of our fleet,  
 That very envy, and the tongue of loss,  
 Cried fame and honour on him.—

VIO. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side  
 But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,  
 I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

ORS. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!  
 What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,  
 Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear,  
 Hast made thine enemies?

ANT. Orsino, noble sir,  
 Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me;  
 Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,  
 Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,  
 Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:  
 That most ungrateful boy there, by your side,  
 From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth  
 Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was.

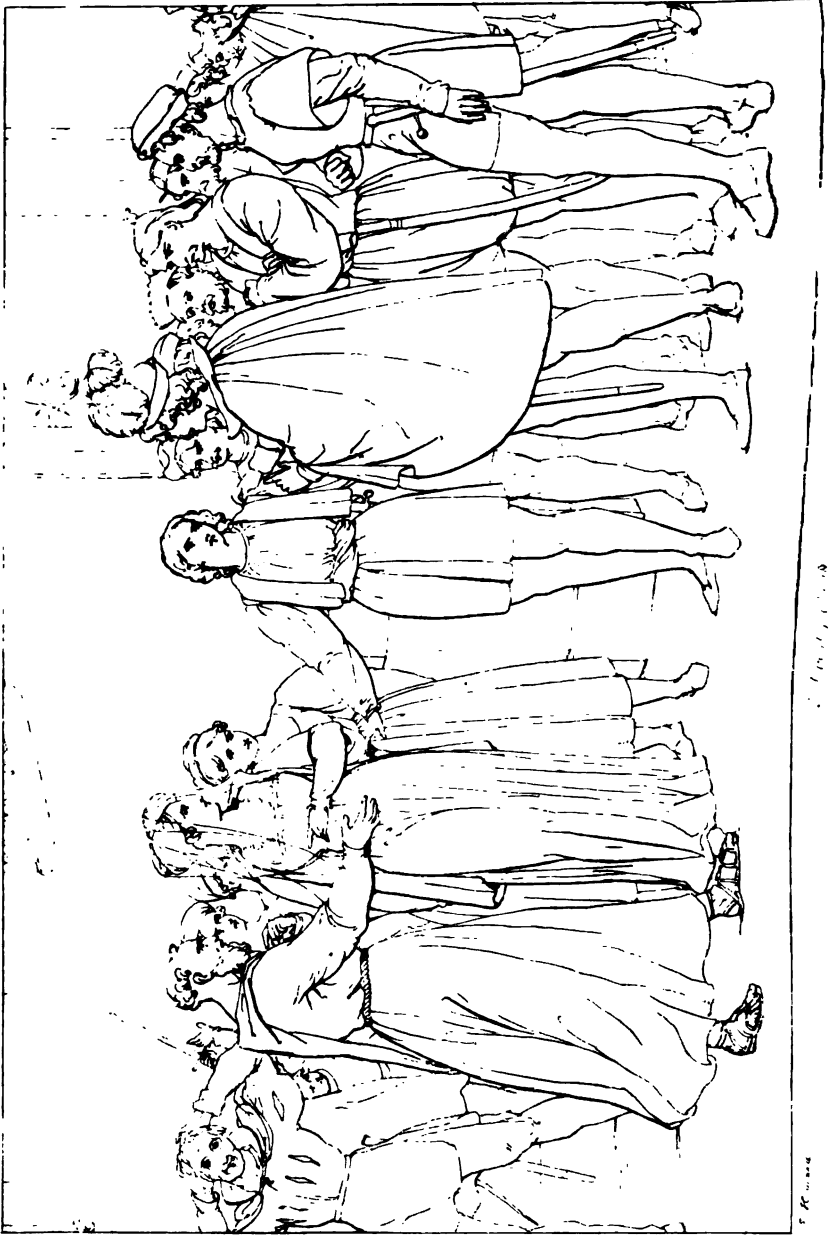
. . . . . For his sake  
 Did I expose myself, pure for his love,  
 Into the danger of this adverse town;  
 Drew to defend him, when he was beset;  
 Where being apprehended, his false cunning,  
 (Not meaning to partake with me in danger,)  
 Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,



सम्राट् राजा राजेश्वर प्रसाद







... ..

F. K. ...

And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,  
While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,  
Which I had recommended to his use  
Not half an hour before."

ACT V. S. 1.

XVIII.

OLIVIA *claiming* VIOLA *as her husband.*

"OLI. Cesario, husband, stay.

ORS. Husband?

OLI. Ay, husband, can he that deny?

ORS. Her husband, sirrah?

VIO. No, my lord, not I.

PRIEST. A contract of eternal bond of love,  
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,  
Attested by the holy close of lips,  
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;  
And all the ceremony of this compact  
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony.

ORS. O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,  
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?

VIO. My lord, I do protest,—

SIR AND. For the love of God, a surgeon; send one  
presently to Sir Toby . . . . .  
He has broke my head across, and has given Sir Toby a  
bloody coxcomb too."

ACT V. S. 1.

## XIX.

SEBASTIAN *appears, and clears up the mistake.*

“ORS. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons ;

A natural perspective, that is, and is not.

ANT. An apple cleft in two is not more twin  
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian ?

OLI. Most wonderful !

SEB. Do I stand there ? I never had a brother :  
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,  
Of here and every where. I had a sister,  
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd :—  
Of charity, what kin are you to me ?  
What countryman ? what name ? what parentage ?

VIO. Of Messaline : Sebastian was my father ;  
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,  
So went he suited to his watery tomb :  
If spirits can assume both form and suit,  
You come to fright us.

SEB. A spirit I am, indeed :  
But am in that dimension grossly clad,  
Which from the womb I did participate.  
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,  
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,  
And say—Thrice welcome, drown'd Viola !”

ACT V. S. 1.

SIR TOBY BELCH *drunk, is being led into the house by the Clown.*

“SIR TO. Didst see Dick surgeon, sot ?

CLOWN. O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago ; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

SIR TO. Then he's a rogue. After a passy-measure, or a pavin, I hate a drunken rogue.”

ACT V. S. 1.

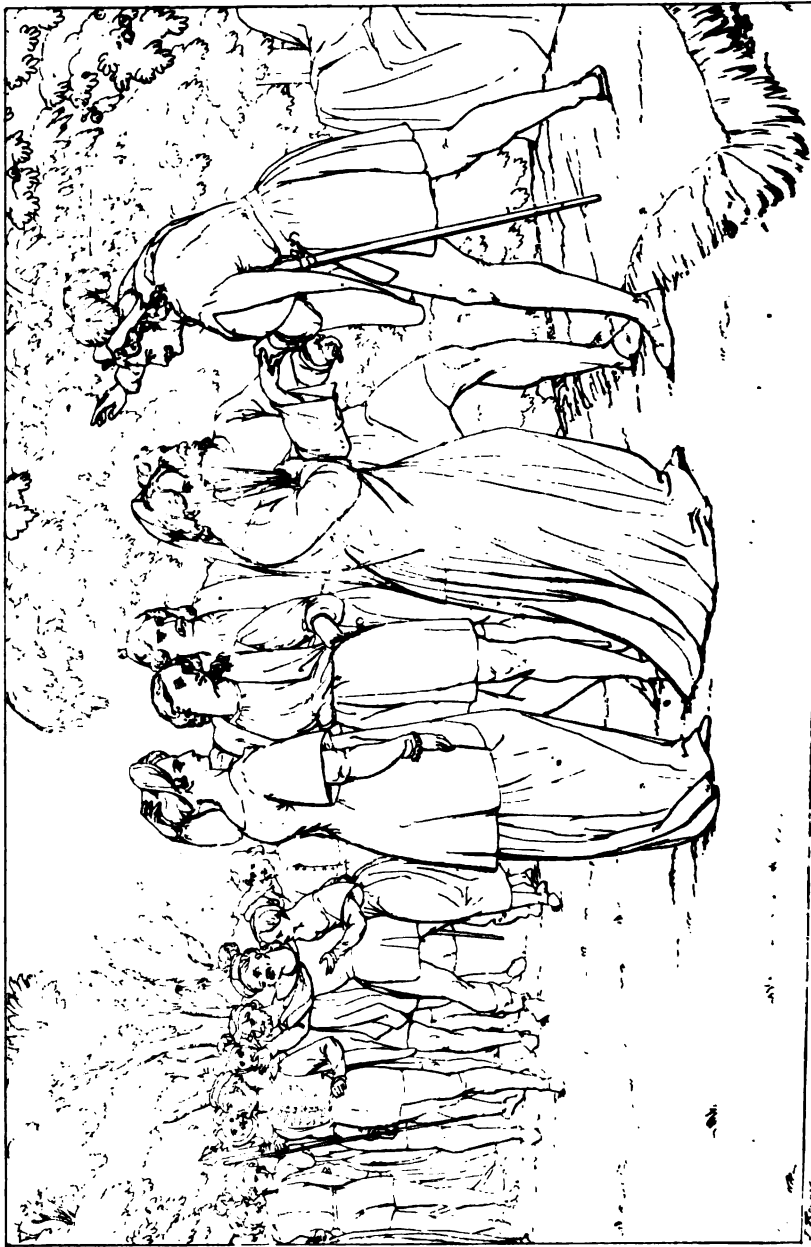


संस्कृत-विद्यापीठ, मुंबई, १९१५









Joseph and his brethren in Egypt  
Illustration by George Meade, 1851

## XX.

ORSINO receiving VIOLA in female attire from the hands of her protector the Captain, attended by SEBASTIAN, and OLIVIA, and ANTONIO.—SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA laughing at MALVOLIO in the midst of the crowd of guests attendant at ORSINO's marriage, amongst whom may be seen SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK, with his head tied up, as still suffering from his beating by SEBASTIAN.

“ORS. Here is my hand; you shall from this time be Your master's mistress.

(*A temporary throne has been erected in OLIVIA's garden, 'al fresco, as the Italian hath it,' for ORSINO to receive VIOLA in her resumed female dress,*

His 'mistress, and his fancy's queen.'

## To MALVOLIO.

CLOWN. *Why, some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them . . . .*  
Do you remember? *Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagg'd:* And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

MAL. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.”

ACT V. S. 1.



**MEASURE FOR MEASURE.**

**TWELVE PLATES.**

**DRAWN AND ENGRAVED**

**BY FRANK HOWARD.**

**B**







## II.

CLAUDIO *and* JULIET *brought before* ANGELO.

“ Who  
Awakes . . . all the enroll'd penalties  
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall  
So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,  
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,  
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act  
Freshly on” *Claudio*.

ACT I. S. 3.

## III.

ISABELLA *and* LUCIO *pleading with* ANGELO *for*  
*the life of* CLAUDIO.

“ ISAB. I am a woful suitor to your honour;  
Please but your honour hear me.

ANG. Well; what's your suit?

ISAB. I have a brother is condemn'd to die.

ANG. He's sentenced—'tis too late.

LUCIO *to* ISAB. . . . You are too cold.

ISAB. Alas! alas!

Why all the souls that were, were forfeit once.

ANG. Be you content, fair maid;

It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:

Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,

It should be thus with him: he must die to-morrow.

ISAB. To-morrow! oh! that's sudden!—Spare him!  
spare him!”

ACT II. S. 2.



W. H. Jones





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1914

J. Ross







*Remontez par elle-même...*  
L'œuvre de la vieillesse est la cause de...



*J. Rousset*

## IV.

ISABELLA's *second interview with ANGELO.*

“ANG. Plainly conceive, I love you.

ISAB. My brother did love Juliet;  
And you tell me that he shall die for it.

ANG. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

ISAB. I know, your virtne hath a licence in it,  
Which seems a little fouler than it is,  
To pluck on others.

ANG. Believe me, on mine honour,  
My words express my purpose.

ISAB. Ha! little honour to be much believed,  
And most pernicious purpose! Seeming, seeming!—  
I will proclaim thee, Angelo.”

ACT II. S. 4.

## V.

“CLAUD. Sweet sister, let me live!  
What sin you do to save a brother's life,  
Nature dispenses with the deed so far  
That it becomes a virtue.

ISAB. Oh, you beast!  
Oh, faithless coward! Oh, dishonest wretch!

. . . . .  
Die!—perish! Might but my bending down  
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:  
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,  
No word to save thee.”

ACT III. S. 1.

(*The Duke, disguised as a friar, about to enter the cell,  
listening.*)

## VI.

*The Duke proposing to MARIANA to take the place of ISABEL, and to meet ANGELO.*

“DUKE. I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;  
She comes to do you good.

ISAB. She'll take the enterprise upon her, father,  
If you advise it.

DUKE. 'Tis not my consent,  
But my entreaty too.”

ACT IV. S. 1.

## VII.

*MARIANA, disguised as ISABEL, keeping the assignation with ANGELO.*

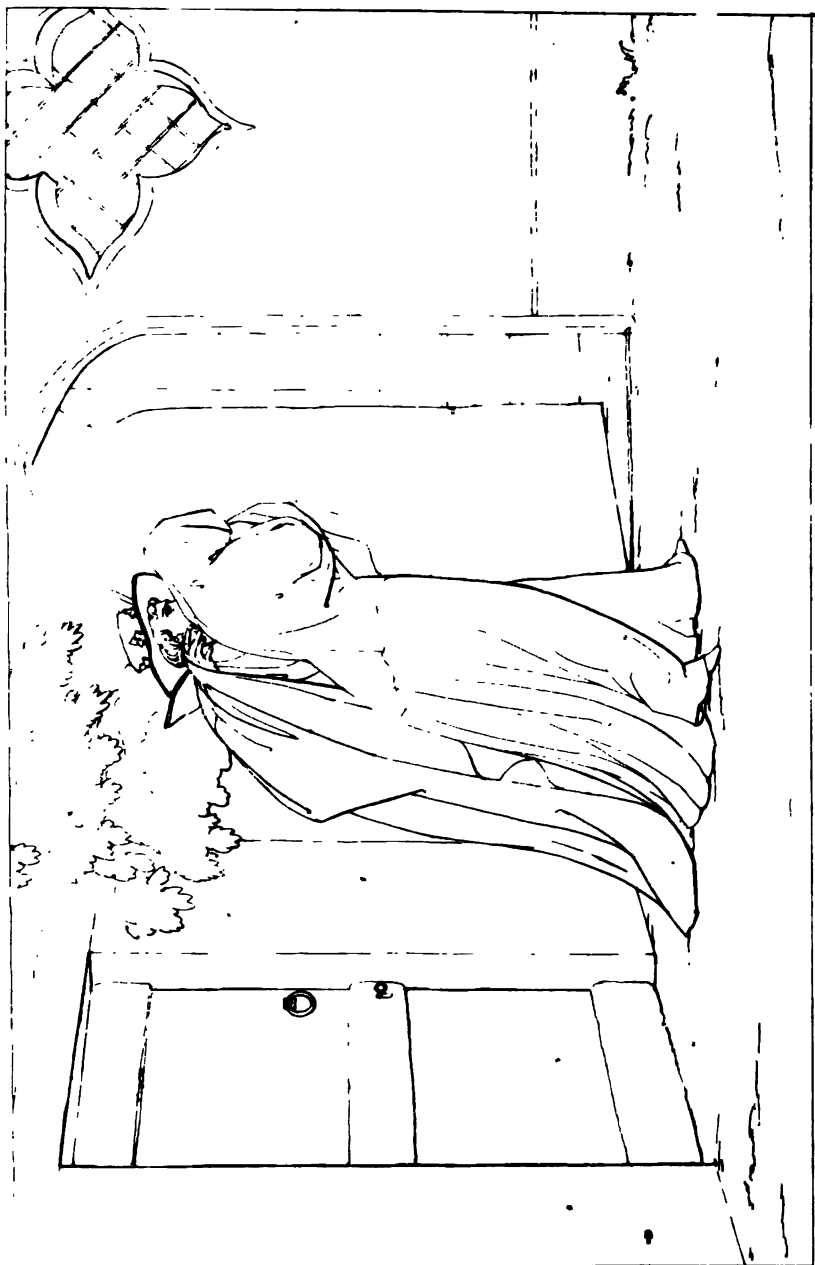
“DUKE. . . . We shall advise this wronged maid  
to stead up your appointment, join your place.”

ACT III. S. 1.



Illustration for *Illustrations* and *London Illustrated* Dec. 1, 1839 for *J. Cassell Strand*





Woman for Woman, No. 1  
British Museum, No. 1, 1818 for 'Child Street'







## IX.

*The Duke announcing the death of CLAUDIO to ISABELLA, who comes expecting to find him pardoned.*

“ ISAB. . . . Hath yet the deputy sent my brother’s pardon ?

DUKE. He hath released him, Isabel, from the world : His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

ISAB. Nay, but it is not so.” ACT IV. S. 3.

*The Provost is carrying the head of RAGOZINE to ANGELO.*

## X.

*ISABELLA making her accusation against ANGELO, on the public return of the Duke to Vienna.*

“ ISAB. Justice, O royal duke ! Vail your regard Upon a wrong’d, I’d fain have said a maid !

DUKE. Relate your wrongs : In what ? by whom ? Be brief :

There is Lord Angelo shall give you justice.

ISAB. O worthy duke, You bid me seek redemption of the devil !

ANG. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm : She hath been a suitor to me for her brother, Cut off by course of justice.

ISAB. By course of justice !

ANG. And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

ISAB. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak : That Angelo’s forsworn, is it not strange ? That Angelo’s a murderer, is ’t not strange ? That Angelo is an adulterous thief, An hypocrite, a virgin-violator ; Is it not strange, and strange ?”

ACT V. S. 1.

*(Friar PETER and MARIANA, veiled, behind ISABEL, to follow up the accusation.)*



Sketch from the 1910s  
1910s - 1920s - 1930s - 1940s

J. H. H. H.





Illustration of the scene of the  
Lamentation of Christ

J. P. Moore







1911  
U. S. Census Bureau

## XI.

*The Duke, having left ANGELO and ESCALUS to examine into the case, is brought up in disguise, as the principal instigator of the plot.*

“ Esc. . . . Away with him to prison : lay bolts enough upon him ; let him speak no more.

DUKE. Stay, sir ; stay a while.

ANG. What ! resists he ? help him, Lucio.

LUC. Come, sir ; foh, sir ; why, you bald-pated, lying rascal ! you must be hooded, must you ? Show your knave’s visage, with a pox to you ! show your sheep-biting face, and be hang’d an hour. Will ’t not off ?

*(Pulls off the friar’s hood, and discovers the Duke.)*

DUKE. Thou art the first knave that e’er made a duke.

.....  
Sneak not away, sir, for the friar and you  
Must have a word anon.”

ACT V. S. 1.

*(CLAUDIO is seen muffled up, behind the Provost.)*



## XII.

*The Duke, having passed sentence upon ANGELO, pardoned CLAUDIO, and offered his hand to ISABEL, orders LUCIO to marry MRS. KATE KEEPDOWN, who "was with child by him in the Duke's time; he promised her marriage: his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob."*

ACT III. S. 2.

"DUKE (to ANG.) Go, take her (*Mariana*) hence,  
and marry her instantly.  
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,  
Return him here again.—

*The Provost unmuffles the prisoner that he saved,  
That should have died when Claudio lost his head;  
As like almost to Claudio, as himself.*

DUKE. If he be like your brother, (*To ISAB.*) for his sake  
Is he pardon'd; and for your lovely sake,  
Give me your hand, and say, you will be mine,  
He is my brother too.

*To LUCIO.*

Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.  
Thy slanders I forgive, and therewithal  
Remit thy other forfeits:—Take him to prison,  
And see our pleasure herein executed.

LUCIO. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death,  
whipping, and hanging."

ACT V. S. 1.



Memories for Remembrance No. 2  
London, published Decr 1, 1888 for J. Cassell, & Co. Ltd.



**MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.**

**TWELVE PLATES.**

**DRAWN AND ENGRAVED**

**BY FRANK HOWARD.**

**B**



## REFERENCES DESCRIPTIVE OF THE PLATES.

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### *MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.*

THE spirit of this admirable comedy is so closely interwoven with the play of words and pedantic absurdity, that it is feared nothing short of the text can fully do justice to it. The wit and sarcastic badinage of BEATRICE, so delightfully comic in the original, almost assume the appearance of ill nature when pictorially represented. And the incidents being few compared to the fierce encounter of wits, it does not form so manageable a subject for the pencil as other inferior plays. But although much of the volatile and amusing essence of it naturally escapes, the few incidents and characters afford great scope for the invention, taste, and humour of the artist. To him HERO, BEATRICE, DOGBERRY, VERGES, are all treasures.

## I.

*The arrival of DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, CLAUDIO, and BENEDICK, at LEONATO'S house in Messina.*

“**BEAT.** I wonder, that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick; nobody marks you.

**BENE.** What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

**BEAT.** Is it possible disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

**BENE.** Then is Courtesy a turn-coat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for truly I love none.

**BEAT.** A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loved me.

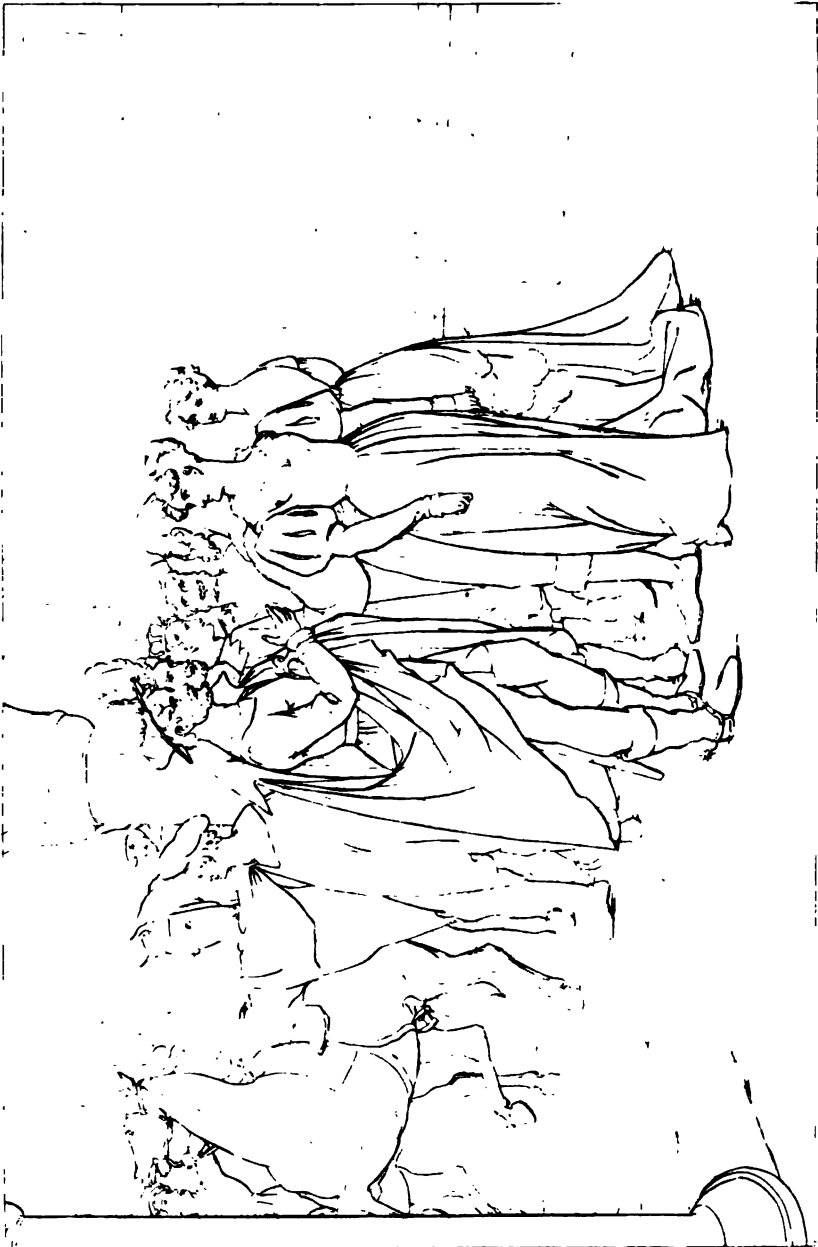
**LEON.** . . . . Let me bid you welcome, my lord; being reconciled to the prince, your brother, I owe you all duty.

**D. JOHN.** I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

**CLAUD.** My liege, your highness now may do me good.

**D. PEDRO.** My love is thine to teach; teach it but how, And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

**CLAUD.** Hath Leonato any son, my lord?







D. PEDRO. No child but Hero; she his only heir:  
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

CLAUD. O, my lord,  
When you went onward in this ended action,  
I look'd upon her with soldier's eye,  
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand  
Than to drive liking to the name of love:  
But now I am return'd, and that war thoughts  
Have left their places vacant; in their rooms  
Come, thronging, soft and delicate desires,  
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,  
Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.

D. PEDRO. . . . If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;  
. . . .  
. . . . And I will fit thee with a remedy.  
I know we shall have revelling to-night;  
I will assume thy part in some disguise,  
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;  
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,  
And take her hearing prisoner with the force  
And strong encounter of my amorous tale."

ACT I. S. 1.

## II.

*Masquerade.* DON PEDRO *pleading for* CLAUDIO  
*with* HERO.

"D. PEDRO. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

HERO. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

D. PEDRO. With me in your company?

HERO. I may say so, when I please.

D. PEDRO. And when please you to say so?

HERO. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute should be like the case.

D. PEDRO. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

HERO. Why, then, your visor should be thatched.

D. PEDRO. Speak low if you speak love.

BEAT. Will you not tell me who told you so?

BENE. No, you shall pardon me.

BEAT. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

BENE. Not now.

BEAT. That I was disdainful,—and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred Merry Tales*;—well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

D. JOHN. Are not you Signior Benedick?

CLAUD. You know me well; I am he.

D. JOHN. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

CLAUD. How know you he loves her?

D. JOHN. I heard him swear his affection.

BORA. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night."

ACT II. S. 1.



Illustration courtesy of [unreadable]







## III.

“ D. PEDRO. Why, how now, count? Wherefore are you sad?

CLAUD. Not sad, my lord.

D. PEDRO. How then? sick?

CLAUD. Neither, my lord.

BEAT. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well: but civil, count; civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. PEDRO. I'faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God will give thee joy!”

ACT II. S. 1.

“ D. JOHN. It is so; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.”

ACT II. S. 2.

“ BENE. . . . I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster: but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool.”

ACT II. S. 3.



## IV.

BENEDICK *in the arbour.*

“ D. PEDRO. . . . What was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

CLAUD. O, ay:—Stalk on, stalk on: the fowl sits. (*Aside to PEDRO.*) I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

LEON. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviour seemed ever to abhor.

BENE. Is 't possible? Sits the wind in that quarter?

(*Aside.*)

LEON. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.

BENE. (*Aside.*) I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide itself in such reverence.

D. PEDRO. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

LEON. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

CLAUD. 'Tis true indeed; so your daughter says. *Shall I, says she, that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?*

LEON. This says she now, when she is beginning to write to him: for she 'll be up twenty times a night: and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper:—my daughter tells us all.”

ACT II. S. 3.









Illustration of the scene in the garden, p. 3  
London, P. S. K. Co., 1891



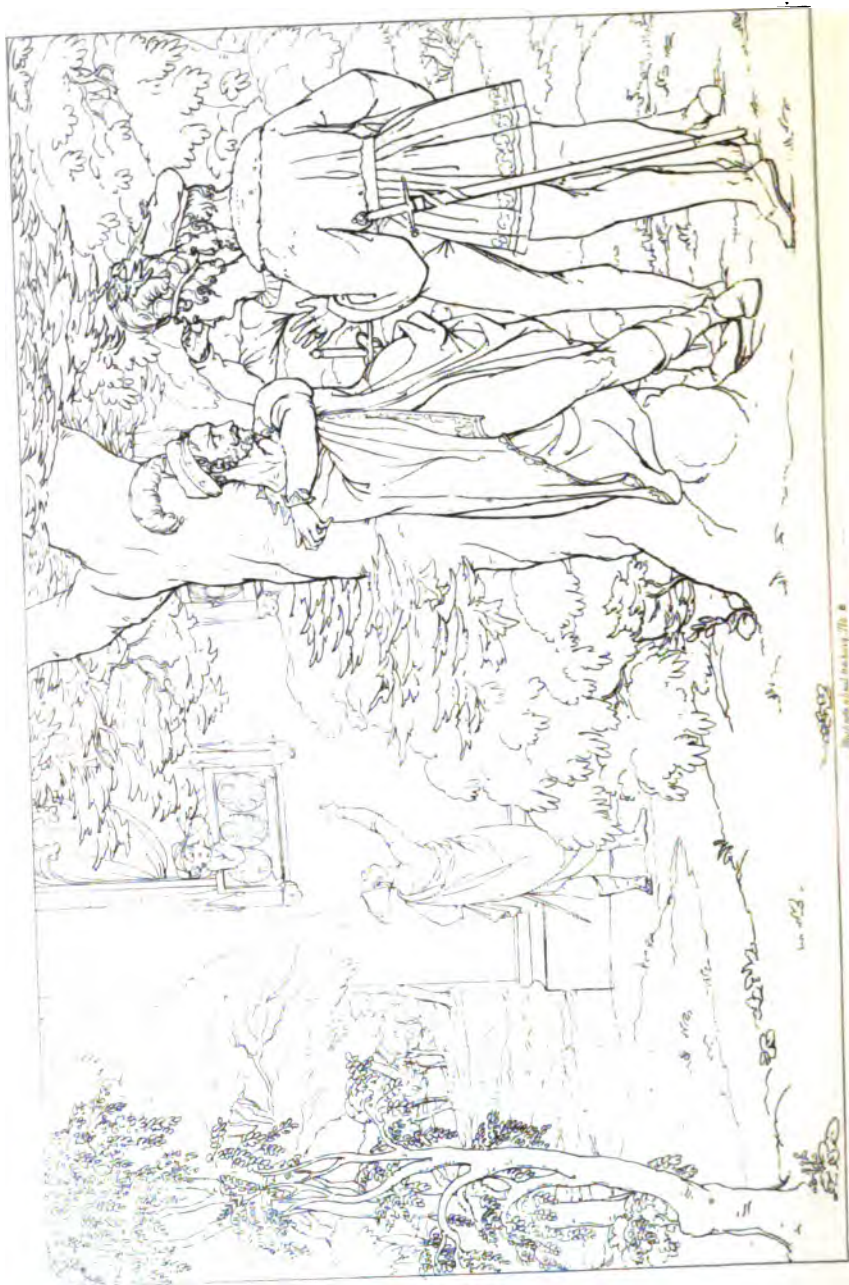


Illustration by [unreadable]

## V.

BEATRICE *in the arbour.*

“URS. But are you sure that Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

HERO. So says the prince and my new trothed lord.

URS. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

HERO. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it: But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick, To wish him wrestle with affection, and never To let Beatrice know it.

URS. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong. She cannot be so much without true judgment, (Having so swift and excellent a wit, As she is prized to have,) as to refuse So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

BEAT. What fire is in my ears? Can this be true? Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much? Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu! No glory lives behind the back of such.”

ACT III. S. 1.

## VI.

DON JOHN *deceiving* DON PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO  
*by the assistance of* BORACHIO.

“D. JOHN. . . . Go with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her, then to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

CLAUD. May this be so?

D. PEDRO. I will not think it.

D. JOHN. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know.”

ACT III. S. 2.



## VII.

*The Watch having overheard BORACHIO's confession to CONRADE, bring them before the Constables.*

“2D WATCH. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1ST WATCH. And one deformed is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock.”

ACT III. S. 3.

“1ST WATCH. This man said that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

DOGB. Write down Prince John, a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother a villain.

SEXTON. What heard you him say else?

2D WATCH. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

DOGB. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

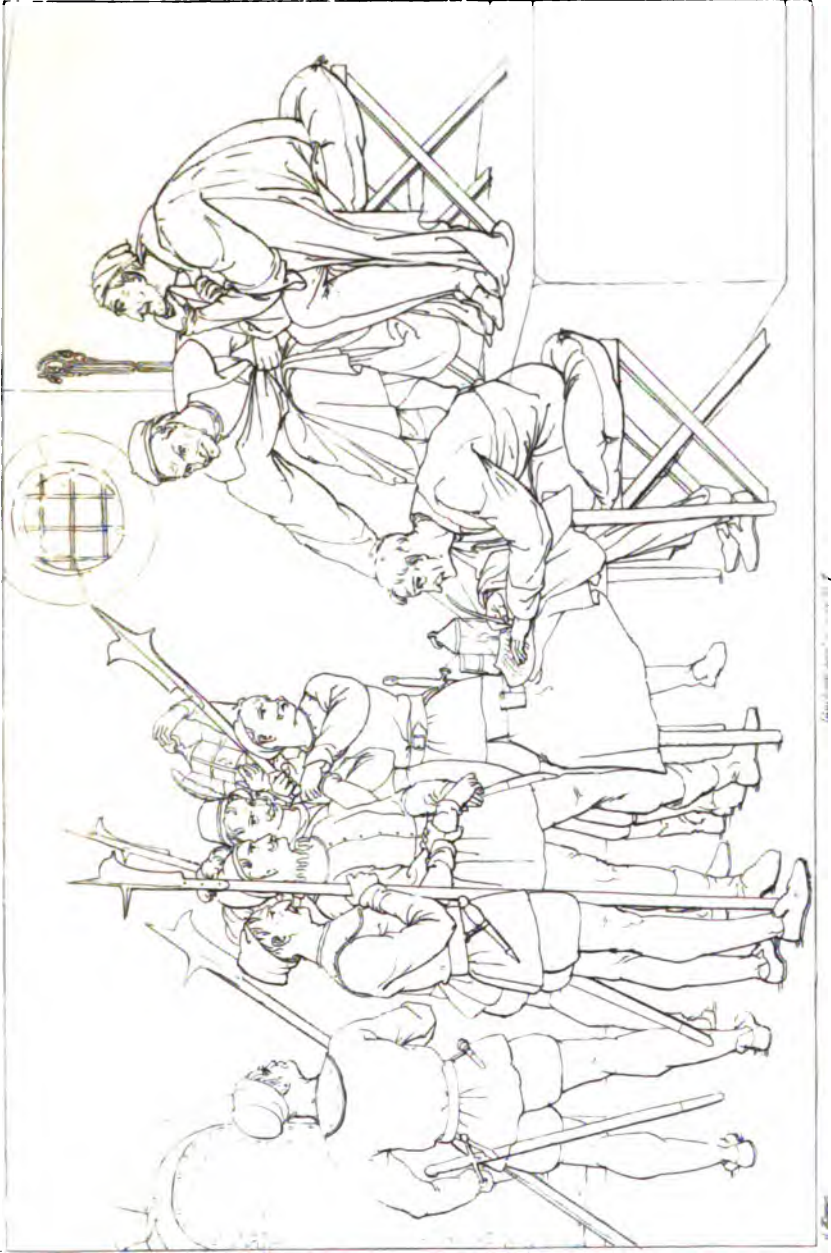
VERG. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

SEXTON. What else, fellow?

1ST WATCH. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his word, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

DOGB. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.”

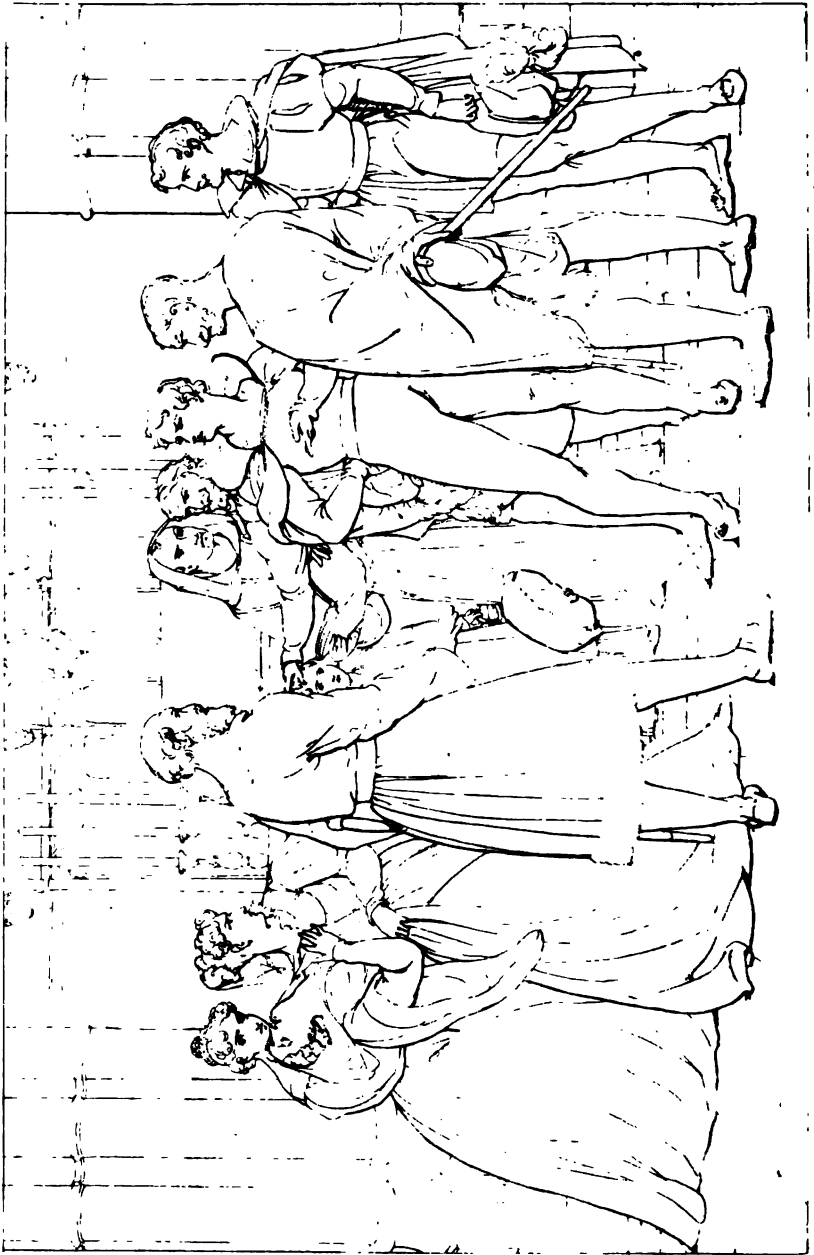
ACT IV. S. 2.



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## VIII.

CLAUDIO *refuses to marry HERO, at the altar.*

“CLAUD. . . . Give not this rotten orange to your friend;

She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.

D. PEDRO. . . . . Leonato,  
I am sorry you must hear:—Upon mine honour,  
Myself, my brother, and this grieved count,  
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,  
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;  
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,  
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had  
A thousand times in secret.

D. JOHN.                                   Fie, fie! they are  
Not to be named, my lord, not to be spoke of;  
There is not chastity enough in language,  
Without offence, to utter them:—Thus, pretty lady,  
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

LEON. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

(HERO swoons.)

BEAT. Why, how now, cousin? Wherefore sink you down?”

ACT IV. S. 1.

## IX.

“**BEAT.** I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

**BENE.** Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

**BEAT.** Kill Claudio.

**BENE.** Ha! not for the wide world.

**BEAT.** There is no love in you:—Nay, I pray you, let me go.

**BENE.** Beatrice!

**BEAT.** In faith, I will go.

**BENE.** We ’ll be friends first.

**BEAT.** You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.”

ACT IV. S. 1.

## X.

**BENEDICK**, *at the instance of BEATRICE*, challenges **CLAUDIO** for his treatment of **HERO**.

“**BENE.** Fare you well, boy! You know my mind; I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company: your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina: you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him.

**D. PEDRO.** He is in earnest.

**CLAUD.** In most profound earnest; and I’ll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

**D. PEDRO.** And hath challenged thee?”

ACT V. S. 1.



Reproduction of painting by J. J. ...





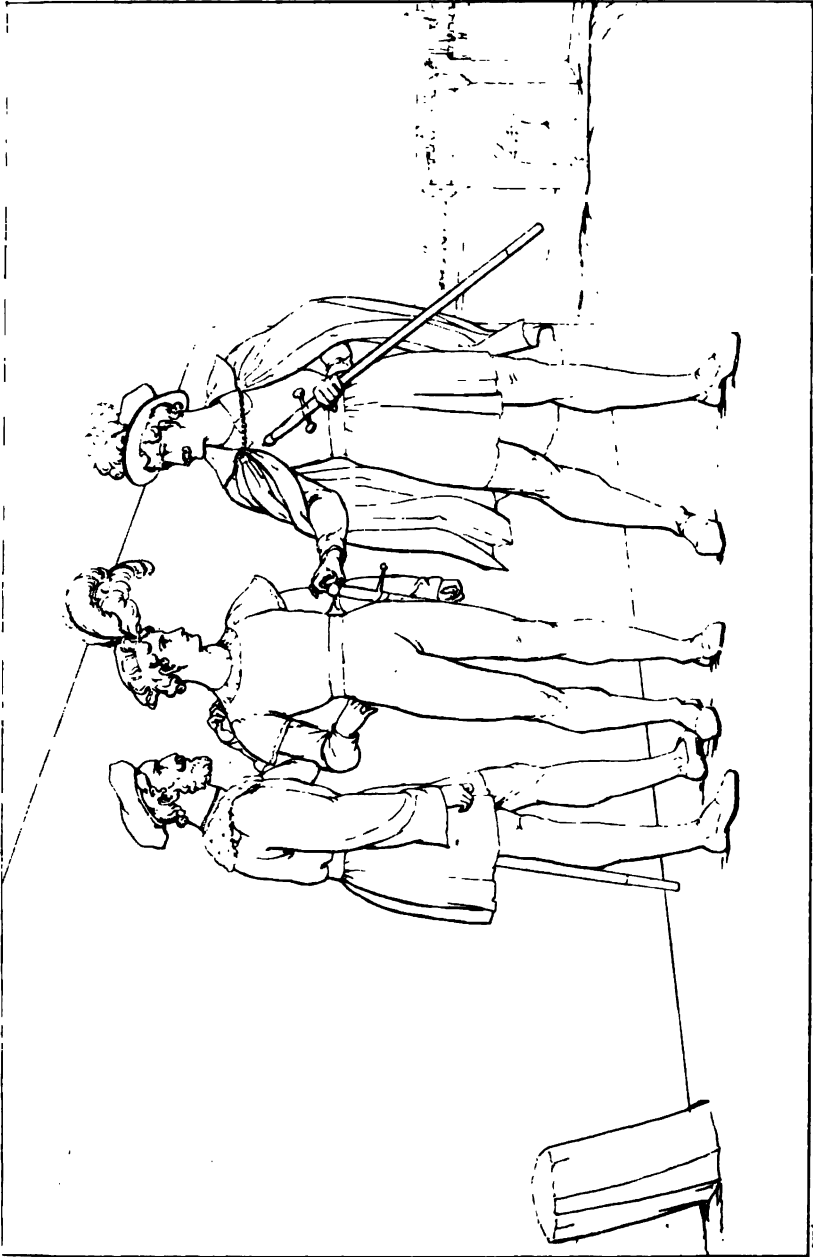
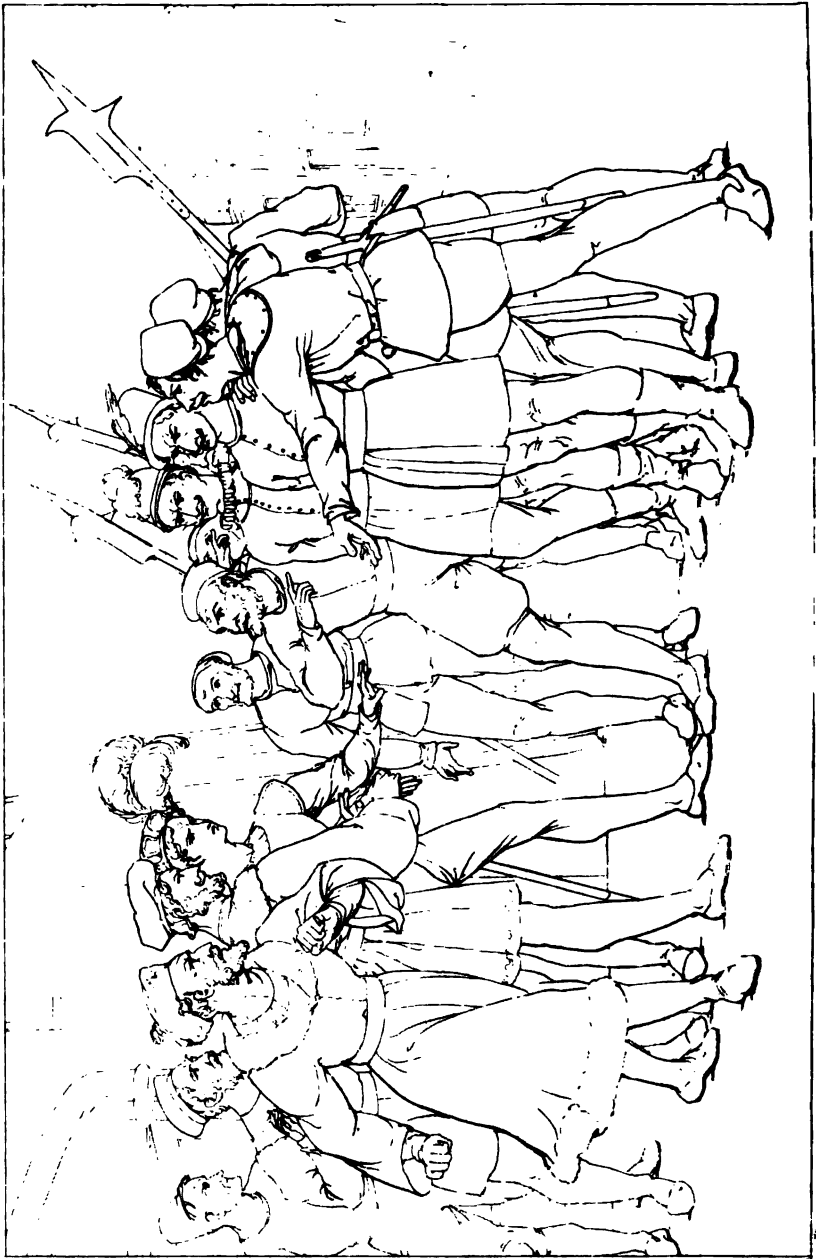


Illustration of three men in 16th-century attire. The man on the right is holding a long staff or sword.

172







## XI.

“D. PEDRO. How now, two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one!

CLAUD. Hearken after their offence, my lord.

D. PEDRO. Officers, what offence have these men done?

DOGB. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

BOBA. : Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her when you should marry her: my villany they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame: the lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. PEDRO. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

CLAUD. I have drunk poison, whiles he utter'd it.

LEON. Which is the villain? let me see his eyes;  
That when I note another man like him,  
I may avoid him: which of these is he?

BOBA. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

LEON. Art thou the slave, that with thy breath hast  
kill'd

Mine innocent child?

BOBA.

Yea, even I alone.”

ACT V. S. 1.

## XII.

CLAUDIO *about to be married to a supposed niece of LEONATO, in reparation of his calumny on HERO.*

“CLAUD. Give me your hand before this holy friar :  
I am your husband, if you like of me.

HERO. And when I lived, I was your other wife.

(*Unmasking.*)

And when you loved, you were my other husband.

CLAUD. Another Hero?

HERO. Nothing certainer :

One Hero died defiled ; but I do live,

And, surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. PEDRO. The former Hero ! Hero that is dead !

BENE. . . . . Which is Beatrice ?

BEAT. I answer to that name. (*Unmasking.*)

What is your will ?

BENE. Do not you love me ?

BEAT. No, no more than reason.

BENE. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio,  
Have been deceived ; for they sware you did.

BEAT. Do not you love me ?

BENE. No, no more than reason.

BEAT. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,  
Are much deceived ; for they did swear you did.

LEON. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

CLAUD. And I'll be sworn upon 't, that he loves her ;  
For here 's a paper, written in his hand,  
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,  
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

HERO. And here 's another,  
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,  
Containing her affection unto Benedick.”

ACT V. S. 4.

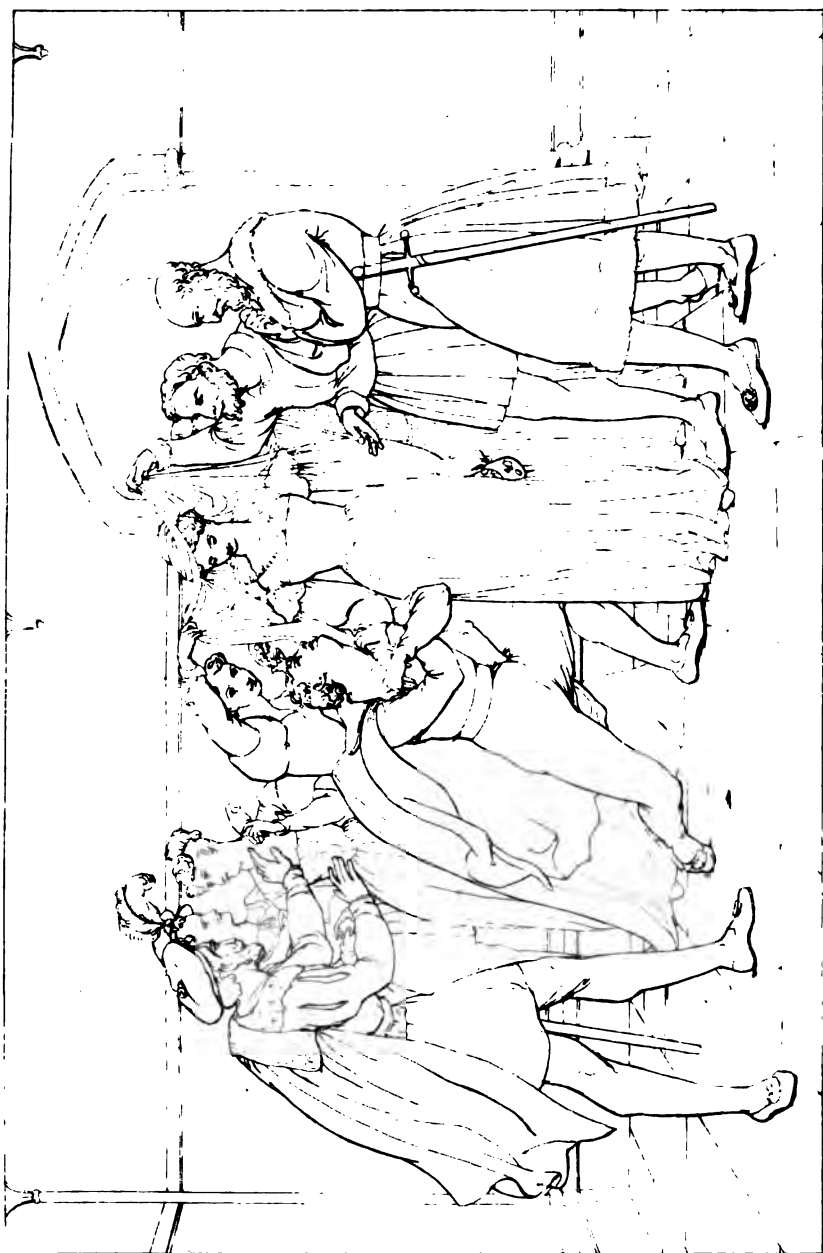


Illustration of a scene from the play 'The Merchant of Venice'.

J. P. S. 1914





**MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.**

**EIGHTEEN PLATES.**

**DRAWN AND ENGRAVED**

**BY FRANK HOWARD.**

**B**



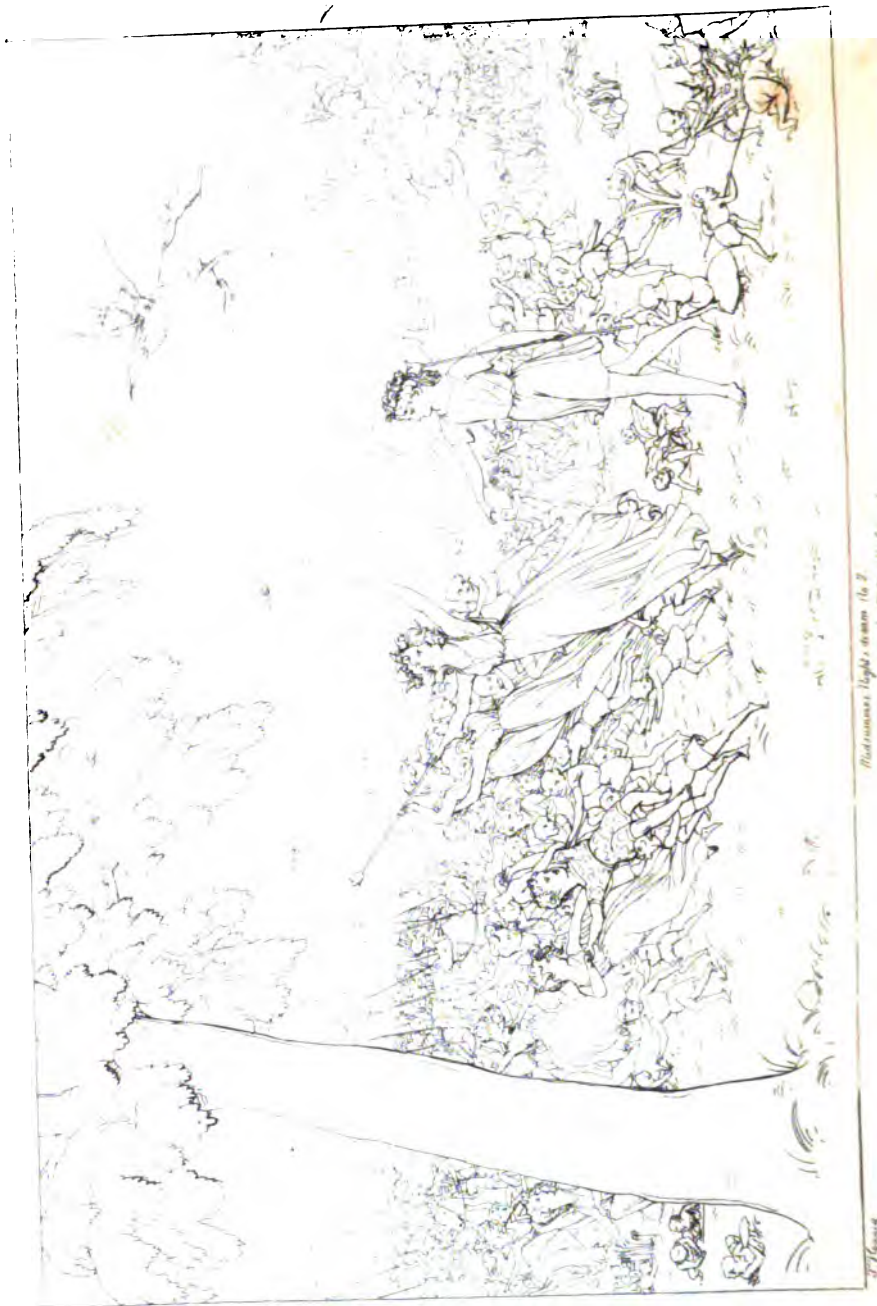




*The Anatomist's Office (1877) from 'The Strand'*

*J. R. Brown*





*Illustration of the scene of the 2nd  
January, 1884, at the Tardell Strand*

REFERENCES DESCRIPTIVE OF THE  
PLATES.

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*MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.*

I.

*TITANIA stealing the Indian boy.*

“ A LOVELY boy, stol'n from an Indian king ;  
She never had so sweet a changeling.”

ACT II. SCENE 1.

“ His mother was a vot'ress of my order :

. . . . .  
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die ;  
And, for her sake, I do rear up that boy.”

ACT II. S. 2.

II.

*The quarrel between OBERON and TITANIA.*

“ OB. Why should Titania cross her Oberon ?  
I do but beg a little changeling boy,  
To be my henchman.

. . . . .  
TRT. Not for thy kingdom.—Fairies, away !  
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.”

ACT II. S. 2.



## III.

EGEUS *before* THESEUS.

“ EGEUS. Full of vexation come I, with complaint  
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.

This hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child.

LYSAN. Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,  
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,  
And won her soul.”

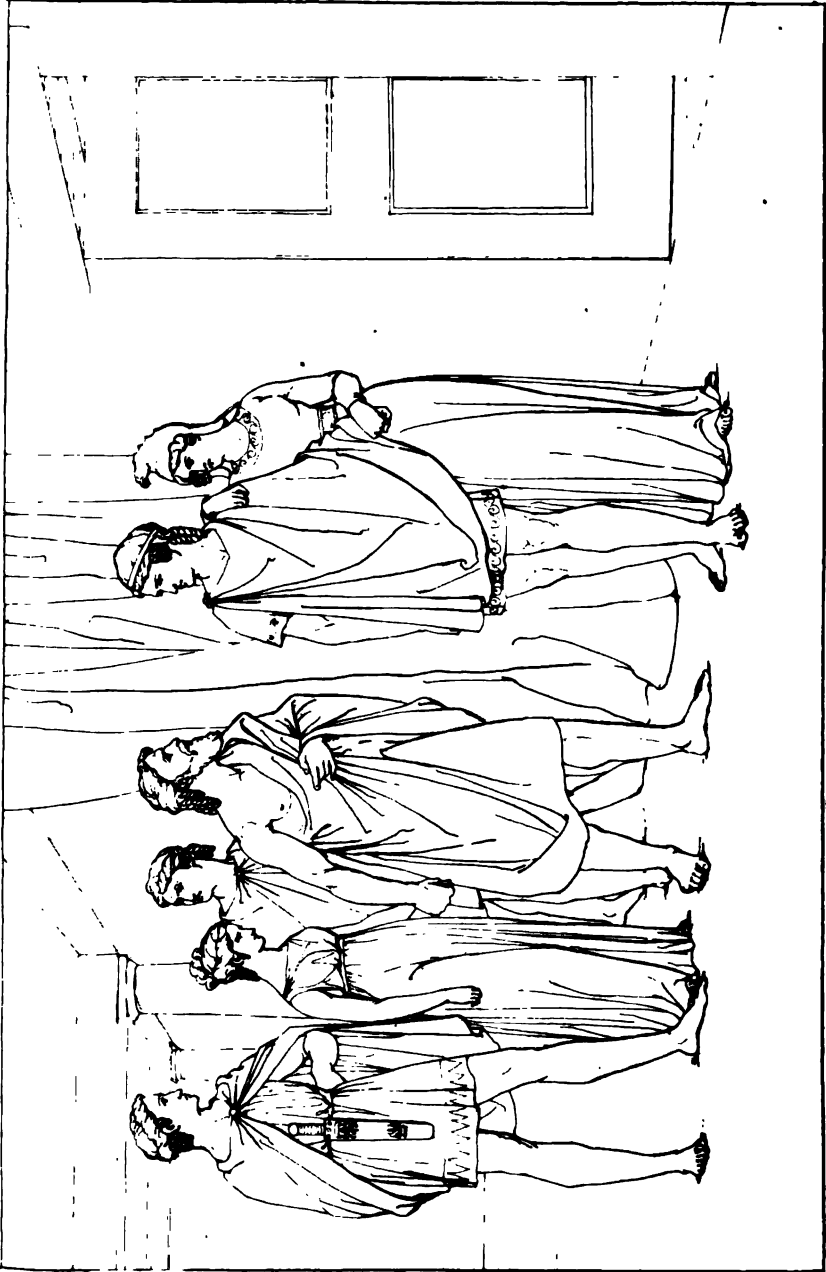
ACT I. S. 1.

## IV.

HELENA *telling* DEMETRIUS *of* HERMIA's *flight*  
*with* LYSANDER.

“ I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight;  
Then to the wood will he . . . . .  
Pursue her.”

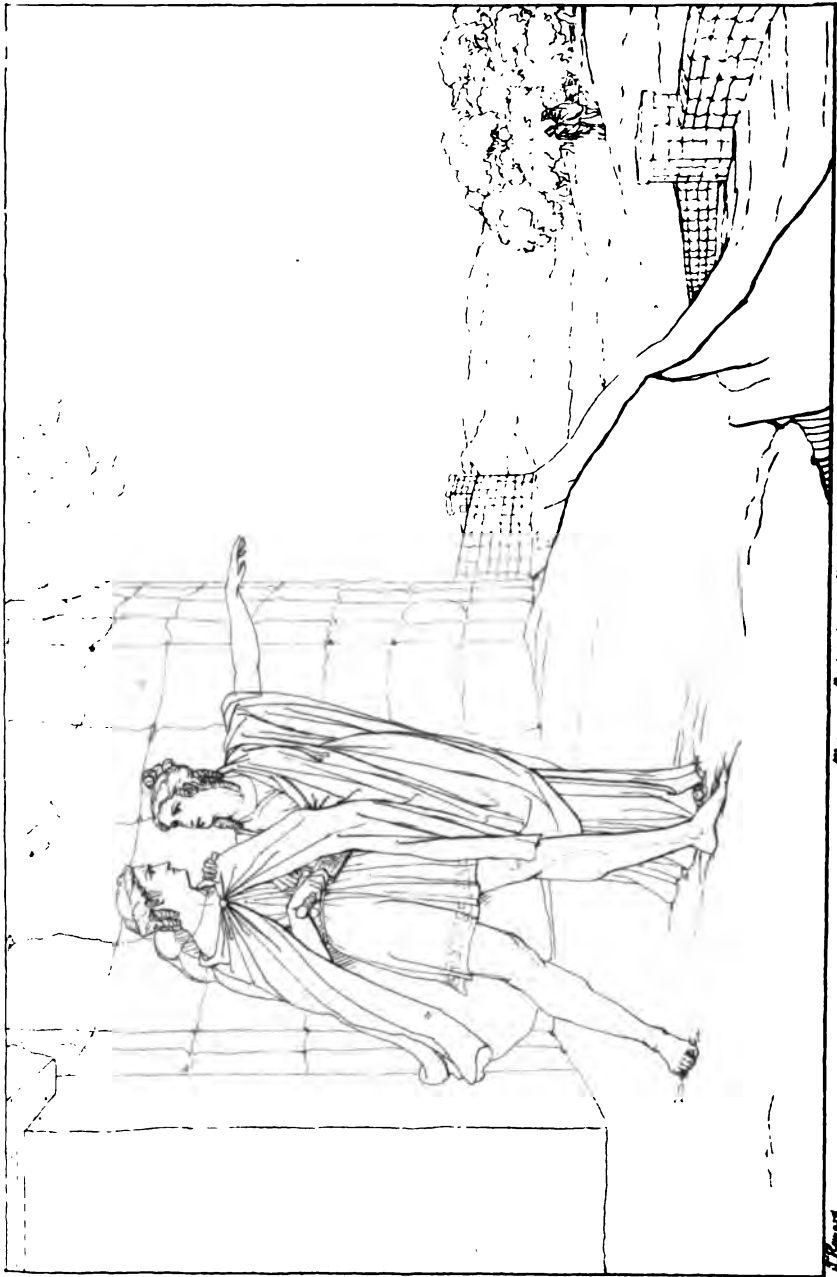
ACT I. S. 1.



*Reduções de Raphael Sanzio, Do. 1.  
Sociedade Paulista de Artes e Ofícios, 1887, for Dr. C. de S. Almeida.*

*E. Krause*





*Microcosm Register stream No. 4  
London Publisher Apr. 1 1893 for J. Cadell Strand*

*J. Howard*





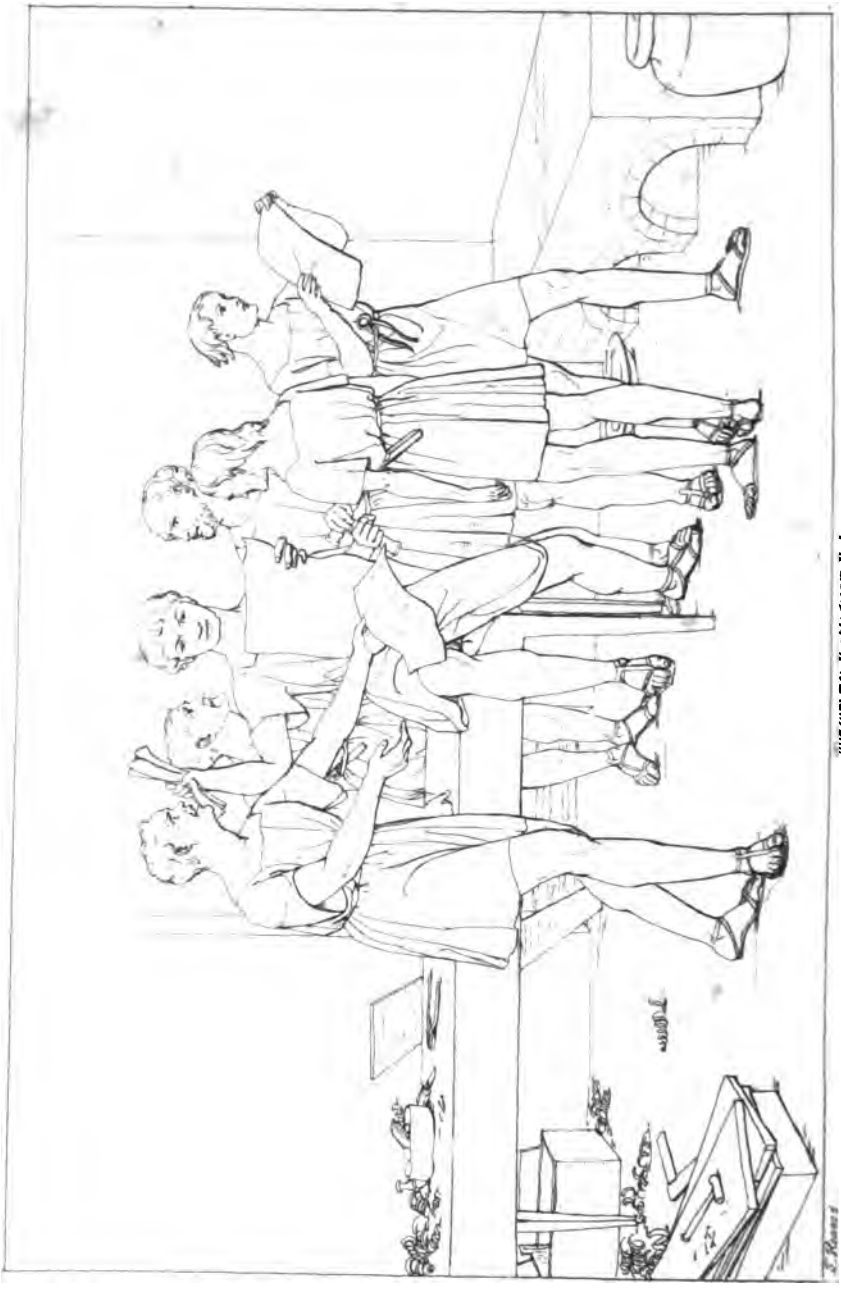


Illustration: Rights of Women No. 3  
London: Standard (Jan. 1912) p. 2. Cecil Stone







37. The man in the white robe is the  
man who was killed by the man in the  
black robe.

F. Howard

## V.

QUINCE *arranging the play.*

“BOT. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too: I’ll speak in a monstrous little voice: Thisne, Thisne! —Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear! and lady dear!

QUINCE. No, no; you must play Pyramus; and, Flute, you Thisby. Robin Starveling, the tailor!

STARVE. Here.

SNUG. Have you the lion’s part written? Pray you if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.”

ACT I. S. 2.

## VI.

DEMETRIUS *repulsing* HELENA.

“I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.

OBE. . . . nymph, ere he do leave this grove,  
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.”

[PUCK *is seen picking the flower for* OBERON.

ACT II. S. 2.

## VII.

TITANIA *asleep.*

“ OBE. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,  
Do it for thy true-love take.”

[*Squeezes the flower on her eyelids.*]

LYSANDER *and* HERMIA *asleep.*

“ PUCK. Churl, upon thy eyes I throw  
All the power this charm doth owe.

[*HELENA and DEMETRIUS in the distance.*]

HEL. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

DEM. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go.”

ACT II. S. 3.

## VIII.

HELENA, LYSANDER, *and* HERMIA.

“ HEL. Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

LYSAN. And run through fire, I will, for thy sweet sake.

HER. (*Starting from her sleep.*) Help me, Lysander,  
help me! do thy best,  
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast.”

ACT II. S. 3.



Midsummer Night's dream No. 1  
Sweden Published Sept. 1. 1877 for J. C. Kendall Strand

J. Howard



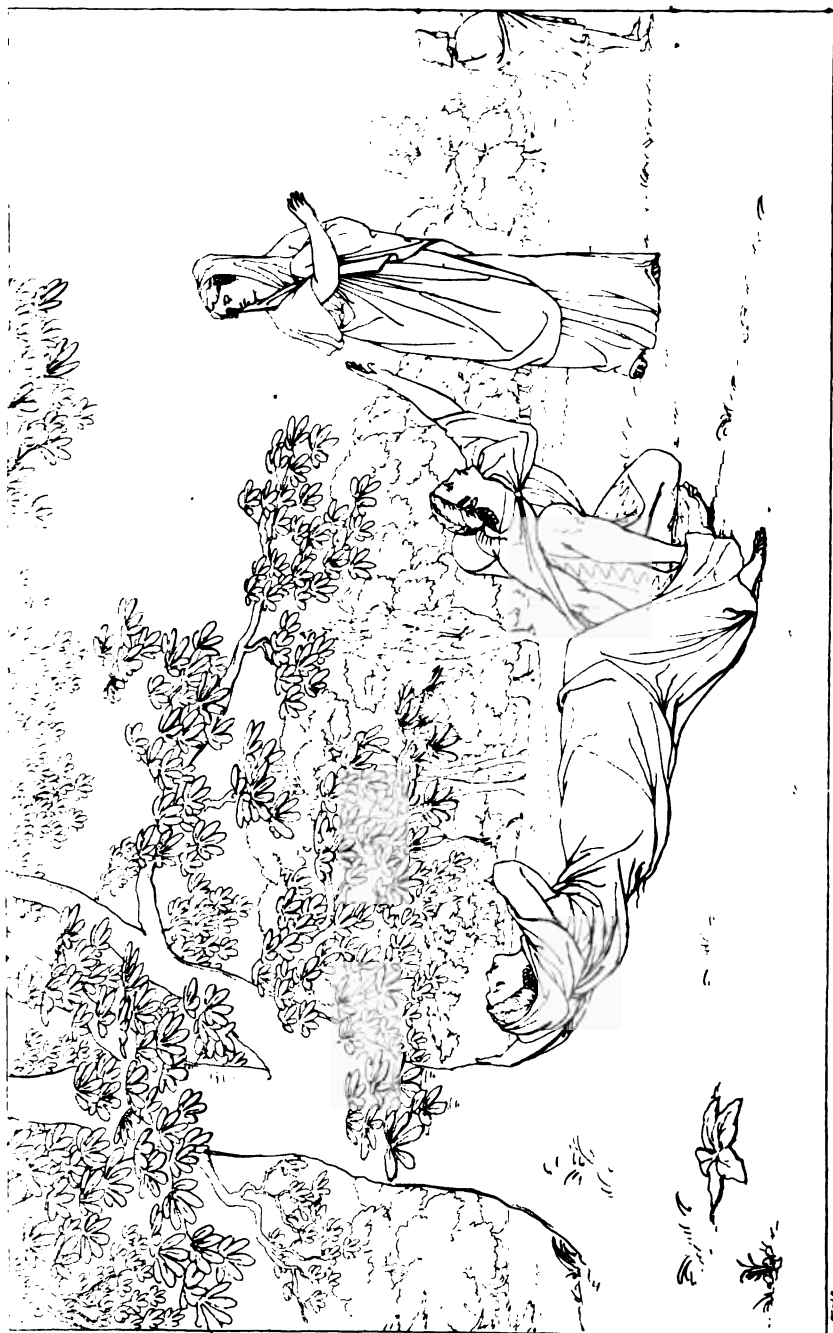


Illustration by S. Howard, 1914. From the book 'The South Sea Islands'.

S. Howard









The drawing is published in the book "The  
Woman with a Rabbit Head" by E. Hunt  
London, published Sept. 1, 1937 for S. P. C. C. Ltd.

## IX.

*Rehearsing the play.*

“ BOT. *as* PYR. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only  
thine:—

QUINCE. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted!

BOT. What do you see? . . . . .

QUINCE. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art  
translated.”

ACT III. S. 1.

## X.

“ BOT. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of  
me . . . if they could. But I will not stir from this place,  
do what they can: I will sing, that they shall hear I am  
not afraid.

The ousel cock, so black of hue,  
With orange-tawny bill,  
The throstle with his note so true,  
The wren with little quill.

TIT. What angels wake me from my flowery bed?

I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:  
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,  
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape.”

ACT III. S. 1.

## XI.

DEMETRIUS *and* HERMIA.—OBERON *and* PUCK.

“DEM. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood :  
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood ;  
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

HER. See me no more, whether he be dead or no.

OBE. *to* PUCK. What hast thou done ? thou hast mis-  
taken quite.

PUCK. Then fate o'errules ; that, one man holding troth,  
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.”

ACT III. S. 2.



Midsummer Night's Dream, No. 11  
London, published Sept. 1, 1897 for W. Cobell Stewart

S. Stewart







Herod's Feast of the Kings  
Luce de la Bible, 1877, par le Comte de la Roche

J. Roux

## XII.

LYSANDER, HELENA, HERMIA.—DEMETRIUS  
*waking*.—OBERON and PUCK.

“HEL. These vows are Hermia's.

LYSAN. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

DEM. (*awaking*) O, Helen! goddess, nymph, perfect,  
divine!

HER. Thou art not, by mine eye, Lysander, found;  
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.  
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

LYSAN. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to  
go?

Hang off, thou cat, thou bur: vile thing, let loose;  
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

HER. Why are you grown so rude? What change is  
this,  
Sweet love?

OBE. This is thy negligence.

PUCK. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.  
And so far am I glad it so did sort,  
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.”

ACT III. S. 2.



## XIII.

PUCK *misleading* LYSANDER *in a fog*.

“LYSAN. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak  
thou now.

PUCK. Here, villain, drawn and ready: where art thou?

LYSAN. I will be with thee straight.

PUCK. Follow me, then,  
To plainer ground.”

ACT III. S. 2.

## XIV.

TITANIA *and* BOTTOM.

“OB. For she his hairy temples then had rounded  
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;

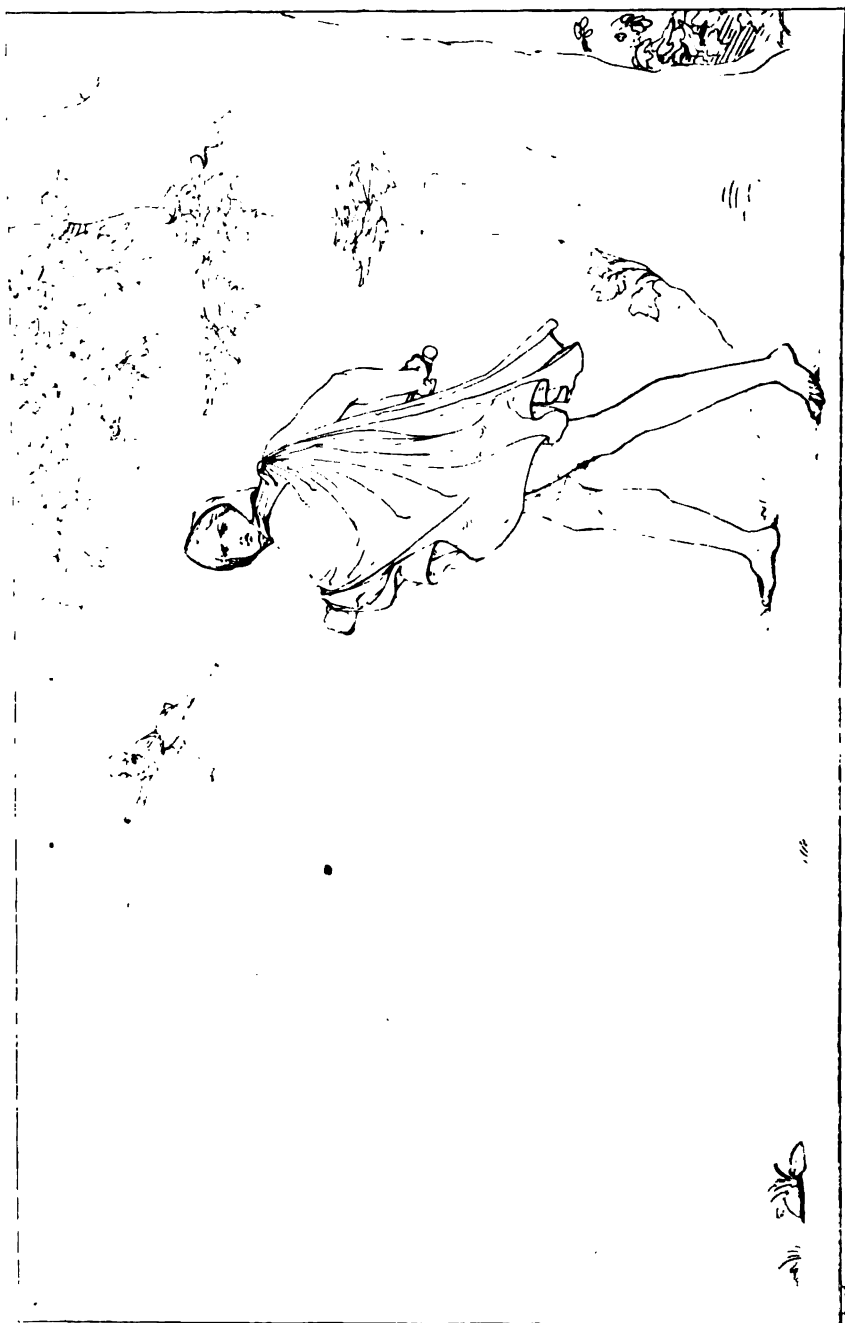
. . . . .  
And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience;  
I then did ask of her her changeling child,  
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent  
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.

. . . . .  
BOT. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom. Monsieur Cob-  
web, good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and  
kill me a red-hipp'd humble-bee on the top of a thistle;  
good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag.  
Give me your neif, monsieur Mustard-seed:  
Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

MUST. What's your will?

BOT. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalero *Peas-  
blossom* to scratch. I am marvellous hairy about the face;  
and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I  
must scratch.”

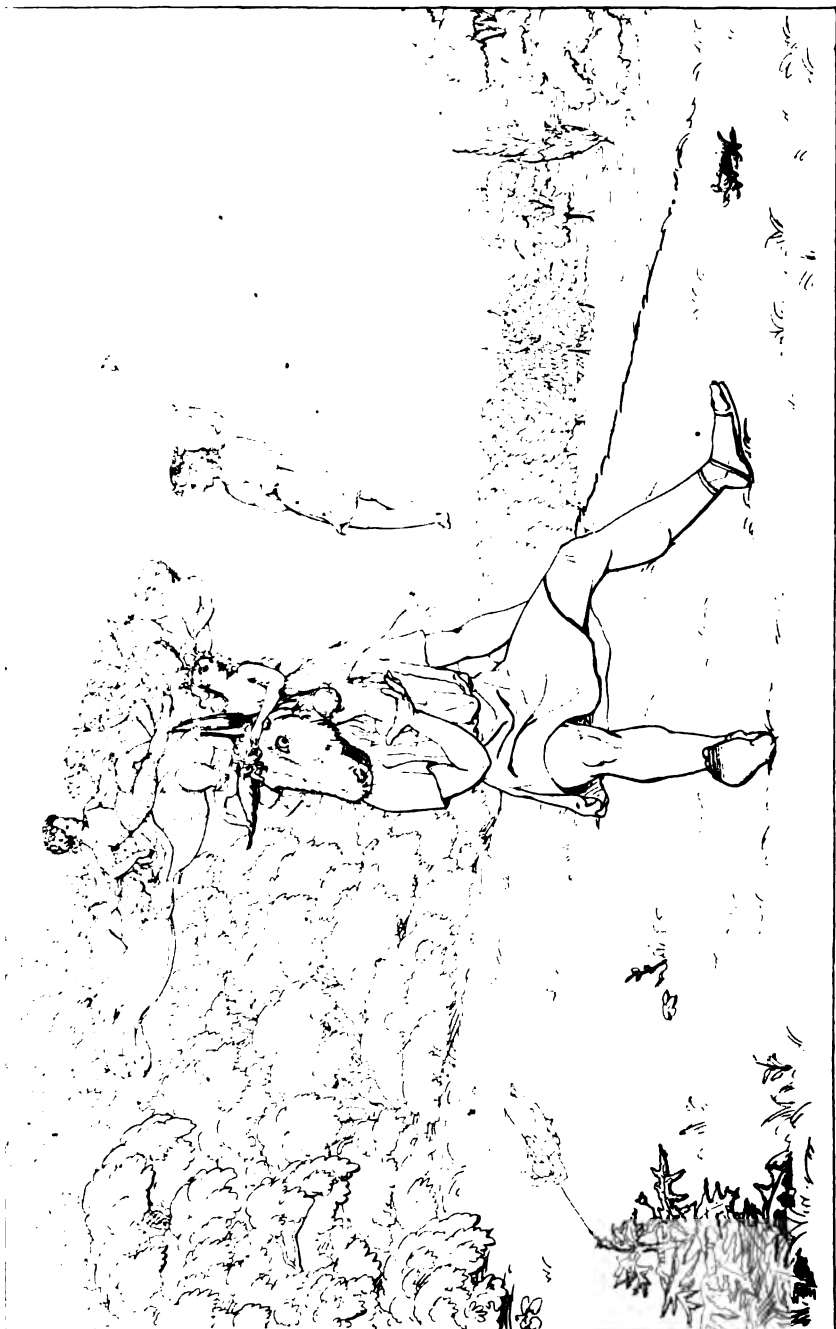
ACT IV. S. 1.



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100





B. K. Moore

Underneath lights down the  
London & Dulwich Sept 1 1871 for C. Cadell Strand





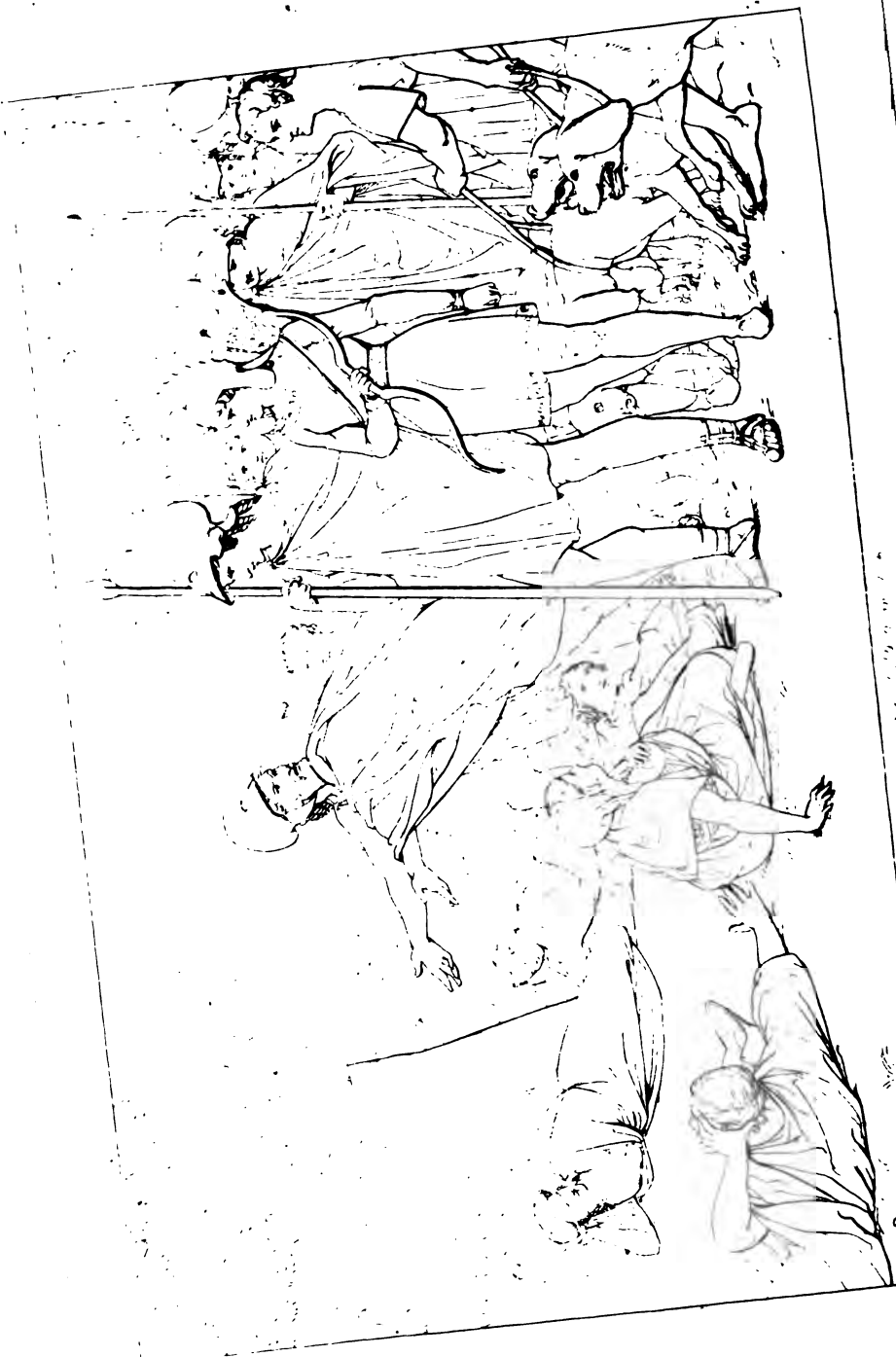


*Midwestern Nights, scene in Park  
Jensen, Sunday April 1, 1887 for J. C. C. Spring*

*J. Howard*







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## XV.

OBERON *releasing* TITANIA *from the spell.*

"TIT. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!  
Methought I was enamoured of an ass.

OBE. There lies your love.

TIT. Oh, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now.

OBE. Robin, take off this head;

Titania, music call; and strike more dead

Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.

TIT. Music, ho! music, such as charmeth sleep.

PUCK. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's  
eyes peep."

ACT IV. S. 1.

## XVI.

THESEUS, EGEUS, HIPPOLITA, &c. *going out to  
hunt.*—OBERON *and* TITANIA.

"OBE. Then, my queen, in silence sad,  
Trip we after the night's shade;  
We the globe can compass soon,  
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

EGEUS. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;  
And this Lysander; this Demetrius is;  
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena;  
I wonder of their being here together.

THE. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.  
Good morrow, friends."

ACT IV. S. 1.

## XVII.

*The play.—The lion roars, and THISBY runs off.*

“ DEM. Well roared, lion.

THE. Well run, Thisbe.

HIP. Well shone, moon. Truly, the moon shines with  
a good grace.”

ACT V. S. 1.

## XVIII.

OBERON *and* TITANIA  *blessing* THESEUS'S  
*wedding.*

“ PUCK. Not a mouse  
Shall disturb this hallow'd house ;  
I am sent, with broom, before,  
To sweep the dust behind the door.”

ACT V. S. 2.



... ..

J. Howard





*Mad. Winter, Reglar, arcam, 1812.  
London, published Sept. 1817, for J. Cadell, Strand.*

*J. Howard.*











